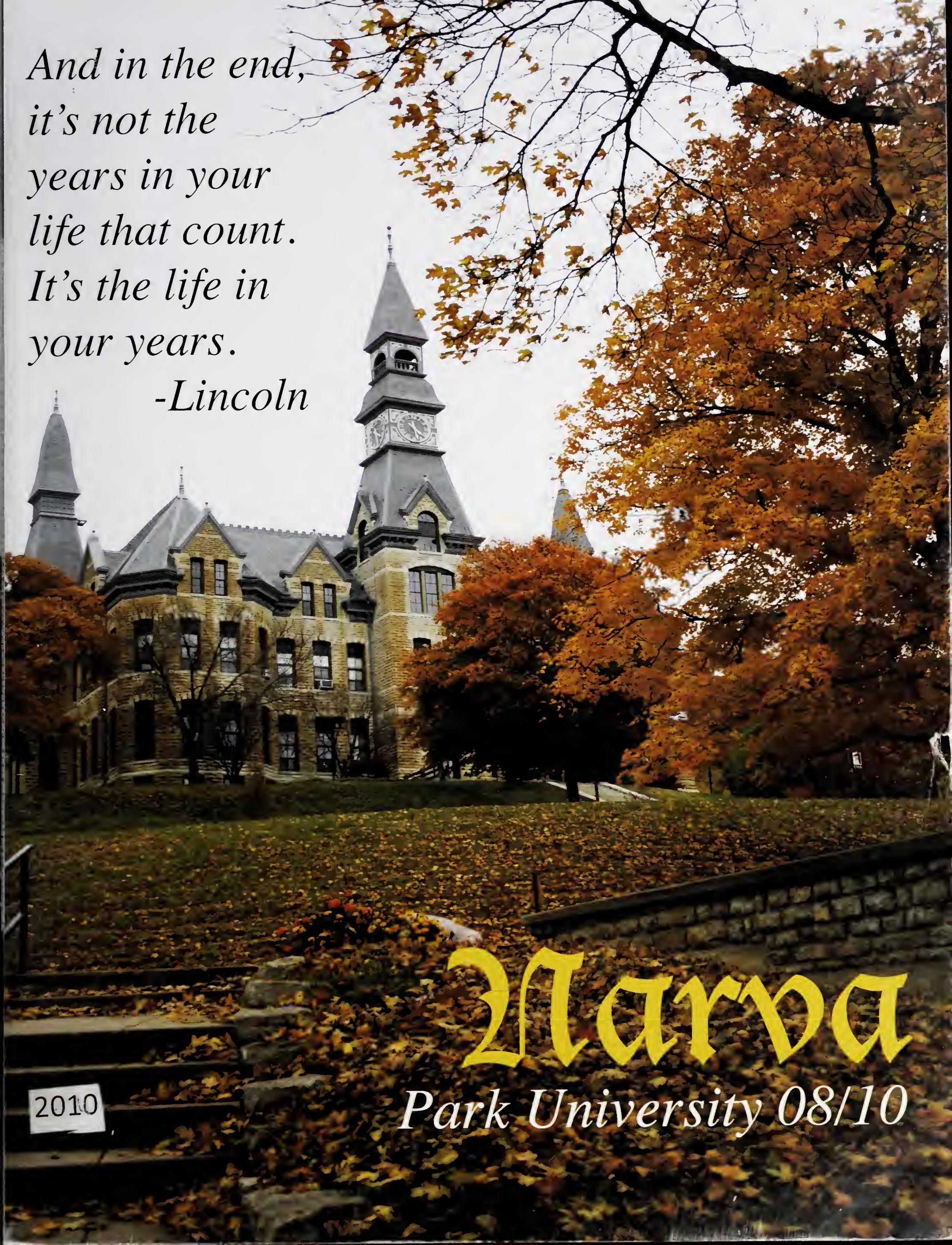


*And in the end,
it's not the
years in your
life that count.
It's the life in
your years.*

-Lincoln





2012-2014

Park University

2008-2010

2 Intro to change

4 International

5 Nancy Mburu

6 Zebo Yuldasheva

8 Edna Martinson

10 Making a Difference

11 John Sutton II

15 Quinn Bixler

16 Rachel Dryden

21 Misti and Tiffany

22 Tiffany Yavicoli

24 Misti Beers

26 Elashun Hollowell

27 Jessica Sharp

28 Courtney Kelly

30 Caleb Roye

32 Darin Price

34 Lauren Jacobsen

36 Laura Cornett

38 Brooke Leavitt

44 It's Always About People

45 Twins: Finding your way x 2

48 Damage Control/Adam Clay

52 Sports

56 Graduation

60 Honors Convocation

64 Editor's Notes and Credits



These times are a Changin'

Design by Jordan Wandfluh

This Park University *Narva* came of age in the age of change and change is what this edition of the *Narva* is about. The clock tower atop Mackay Hall still marks time in minutes and hours but nearly everything on the bluffs of the Missouri River below is different.

We have a different president in the White House in Washington, D.C. Barack Obama has defined change the past two years through the primaries and the national election and across his first year in office. Change has been more than a campaign slogan. Barack Obama, the 44th president of the United States, is the first African-American to address the nation as president from behind the desk in the Oval Office. Change, indeed.

But closer to home, Park University has a new president. Dr. Beverley Byers-Pevitts retired as president in the spring of 2009 and by the spring of 2010, Dr. Michael Droke was living in the president's house on the foothills of the Parkville campus. Dr. Droke served as provost under Dr. Byers-Pevitts. He was named interim president first, then confirmed as president later by the Park University Board of Trustees.

But if only the presidents changed, you could hardly think of this as an age of change. The fact is, everything else in the world seemed to be shifting under our feet between 2008 and 2010, including the ground. A devastating earthquake struck Haiti Jan. 12, 2010, killing more than 200,000 people and reminding us





dramatically of the necessity of service to others in the world. The world economy fell off a cliff in 2008 then began a robust climb back toward prosperity, leaving many jobless and a myriad of questions about the economy of the future. Political changes came fast and furious, including a divisive overhaul of the health care system, state and local budget cuts with the potential to impact Park University and other private schools, and the impact of two wars on the nation's plate. And, of course, a ruptured oil well in the Gulf of Mexico was still spewing oil as of this writing, 58 days and counting, threatening environmental devastation for several states in its toxic path.

Not all change is big and potentially devastating. Some change is good. Some changes are small and good, and, coupled with other small changes, improve the world.

So, this edition of the *Narva* is

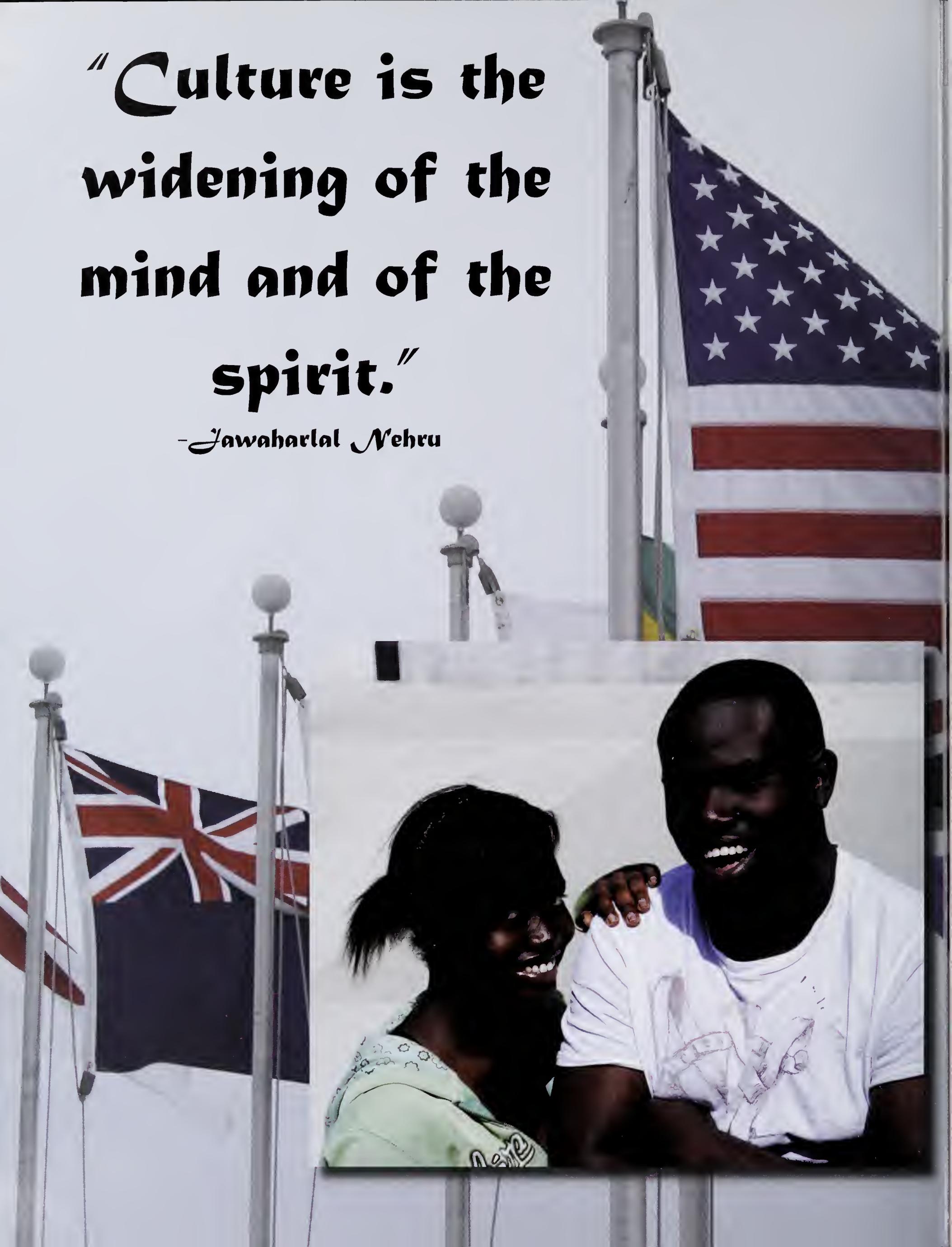
dedicated to a world of change. It is different from other editions of the magazine. This *Narva* focuses almost entirely on people. Park people. People whose names, for the most part, you have not read in the *Stylus* or the *Imprint*, names not on the rosters of prominent clubs and organizations. We think of this as a celebration of the unsung hero. These are certainly not the ONLY heroes of Park University – sung or unsung – but we think their stories tell us a lot about the university community as the first decade of the new century closes.

These are people who are changing the world in small ways, changing the face and character of Park University and, most importantly, changing themselves. These are their stories.

The editors

**"Culture is the
widening of the
mind and of the
spirit."**

-Jawaharlal Nehru



Pursuing her version of the American dream

By Mindy Reynolds

Edited by Lauren Hickey

After saying goodbye to her friends, family, and her son in Nairobi, Nancy Mburu boarded the British Airways aircraft and shifted in her seat. First London, and then D.C. It was going to be a long flight. She'd heard stories of America since she was a kid. "America, that's where all your dreams come true," her friends would tell her, "that's where all the magic happens."

After surviving rough years in the Nairobi home she shared with her husband and their son, Mburu was now determined to find out for herself if America was all it was cracked up to be.

Mburu was born in Kenya's capital city in 1973. Although she was born into a family with many boys in a culture where women were severely disadvantaged, she says she never felt inferior. In fact, she says her father often treated her as if she were the first born boy.

"He would yell at my brothers," she said with a reminiscent giggle, "'Why can't you be more like Nancy,' he'd say over and over." The confidence her parents gave her helped Mburu go far in life. She was ranked as fourth student in the nation during her second year of high school.

After her high school graduation, Mburu went on to teach in a Kenyan girls boarding school. Later, she became a journalist.

One day while riding a hot bus through the capital city, she met a man who was studying to be a doctor. Impressed by his straight A's and noteworthy ambitions, Mburu began a friendship with him and they eventually married. However, her fairytale didn't turn out quite as she'd hoped. Her intelligent and wealthy "Prince Charming," she said, beat her on several occasions. Even on a calm day, she still wasn't happy.

"I was bored," Mburu said. "I thought, 'there's got to be more to life than just to be born, eat, sleep, reproduce, and die. I want to make a difference in this world.'"

She wanted to travel the world and experience life. She wanted to make this world a better place. But her husband refused to let her.

"Oh, you don't need to do that," he would say. "The family needs to stick together." But she wasn't convinced.

"You only have one life to live, you know?" Mburu said. "But he wouldn't let me go. He was too selfish." After Mburu was hospitalized from his severe abuse, she finally walked out with her four-year-old son in 2006. She said she didn't want any money from him. She was done with that life. And even if she did want to take him to court, it wouldn't have done any good.

"The courts in Africa are biased," she said. "Male judges will side with the men. And women judges will become jealous and end up siding with the men, too." Mburu says she believes in cosmic justice. "What goes around comes around, that's what I believe."

She lived alone with her son for a few years, busying herself

with her work in journalism. She says she had a great support system of friends and family which helped her get through the toughest times. In June 2008, she took a deep breath and moved across the world to be with her cousins in Maryland. Mburu wanted to experiment with the so called "American dream" and see if it was really true.

"When we were kids we would say, 'Oh my God! America is like heaven!' But people also say that Africa is just a jungle full of a bunch of savages. Neither is true," Mburu said. "I come here and I see that everyone works hard. You have impoverished people just like any other country. I have found that it all depends on how hard you work. America is not like magic. If you want to succeed, you must develop rules to live by and then stick to them. It does not matter what country you live in. People must see that we're not all that different."

After one year, Mburu moved from Maryland to Olathe Kans., so she could attend Park University. She says she thoroughly enjoyed her first semester.

"I feel like the classes are really tapping into our talents," she said, during her time at Park, "and I'm meeting all these new people and experiencing new things!" She had intended to master in journalism

at Park, but she has since transferred to a community college in Maryland. Park's adjunct professor Rhiannon Dickerson was actually the one to help Mburu realize her talent in writing and to encourage Mburu to pursue it professionally. Mburu says she hopes to raise enough money to enter a writing program at John Hopkins University and to someday write a book which will be promoted by Oprah Winfrey.

"Seriously," she laughs, "I want to write stuff that people will read and connect with. Everyone must leave a legacy. I believe we are all on this earth for a purpose."

Mburu says she wants to return to Kenya someday and run for a seat in Parliament, which she says is similar to the U.S. Congress.

"I don't mind if I lose," Mburu said. "At least I tried my best to make a difference. I want to become a politician and preach peace, love, and equality to everybody! I've got to try to do something! No matter how hard I try, I still have that hunger in me."

"I have always yearned for something to change life's course. That's what drives me. There are so many things I have not tried! When you're young, you must do all you can in life." Mburu says with fire in her eyes and strength in her voice. "I sometimes wish I had left [my ex-husband] earlier. I feel like I wasted a lot of time! But now, I feel like I'm finally living my own life."



Living the life she saw in movies

By Andi Enns

Stiletto heels and a Black Belt in Karate...she's 42 hours from home in Parkville, USA

Zebo Yuldasheva has dreamed of life in America ever since she can remember. Ever since Yuldasheva was a little girl in the central Asian country of Uzbekistan, she studied hard to get high enough marks in school to achieve her dream. She tried to imagine a place she had only heard about and seen on her television.

"I always heard how cool it was," she said. "Everyone talked about the technology and the opportunities and the education. So I knew I wanted to get my education there."

In her home country, Yuldasheva was destined to stay at home and take care of children after graduating from the 9th grade. That wasn't enough for the 5-foot 8-inch toffee-skinned girl, however. She wanted to live a life like she saw in the movies.

She almost didn't see her dream realized. The first time she applied for an American study abroad program, she was rejected. She continued to study English with a tutor for two years and kept looking for a way to study in the United States. Finally, after her brother called home from Kansas City, Mo., and told their mother about the opportunities he had on his college campus, her parents agreed to consider letting Yuldasheva go, too.

"Everyone has a model in life, I think," said Yuldasheva. "My model is my brother. He is so smart. I really wanted to have those opportunities, too."

Her mother and her grandmother made the first trip in the winter. They visited with the potential host family and toured the campus. They learned about the Model United Nations club and the opportunities her brother gained through it. His host family agreed to also host Yuldasheva, to treat her like a daughter and look out for her. Finally, Yuldasheva had a chance.

Just a few months later, in the oppressive

August heat, Yuldasheva and her father made the 42-hour journey through three countries, four airports, and eleven time zones. After the cool seasons of the Uzbeki mountains, Yuldasheva wasn't prepared for an American summer. She stepped out of New York International Airport into the bright sun and gasped to draw in enough of the humid air. She made it. She was here.

"It's so different here," Yuldasheva said. "The people, the food, the culture... It really wasn't a hard transition though, because my host family was really great. They said the house was only English, so my brother and I didn't speak Uzbeki to each other. It was hard, because there's so much you can't describe in English, but it was helpful to learn."

Though Yuldasheva studied English every week before she came to the States, she had focused on vocabulary over sentence structure. She could read it, but couldn't speak.

"I was really freaked out before my first class," Yuldasheva said. "I didn't know if I'd understand it!"

Yuldasheva was amazed to see the freedom she had in the States. She saw women wearing the *hijab*, a traditional Muslim headscarf. She saw long skirts swishing in the wind. After the Andijan Massacre of Muslims in 2005, these things were no longer allowed in Uzbekistan. The Islamic Movement of Uzbekistan, regarded as a terrorist group, held a demonstration in Yuldasheva's hometown of Andijan and Uzbeki soldiers open-fire. No one is really sure how many people died, because of the quick cleanup into mass graves, but the estimates are in the thousands. Uzbekistan

outlawed Muslim practices in hopes of curbing future terrorism.

"We weren't allowed to practice our religion," Yuldasheva said, twisting her curly hair around her long fingers. "No *hijab* allowed. No long skirts. Wearing a long skirt would get us kicked out of school. Here in America, people don't think it's weird to see a *hijab*. It's easier to be Muslim here because you aren't kicked out of school for being a terrorist."

There are things she misses about her home country, however. She can't find a good dojo – karate school – like she had

back in Asia. Karate is an essential part of Yuldasheva's life, and she frequently pulls her lion's mane of hair back into a thick ponytail and ties on her first-degree black belt so she can spar with six-foot-tall men. She wins, too.

"When I was little, two Koreans came to my school and asked if anyone wanted to train in karate," Yuldasheva said. "I raised my hand. I was the only girl who did."

She tries to train when she can, but finds it difficult because she has traditional karate training and Americans have

Americanized karate. Training is softer here, she said.

As Yuldasheva struts across the Park University campus to her business class in her knee-high stiletto boots and embroidered dress, her wild hair pinned back with a rhinestone headband, she looks like she really could be a celebrity living in a movie. And she says she is doing everything she can to make sure her movie has a happy ending.



Zebo Yuldasheva

Photographs: Hannah Sommer

Growing up in Uganda

by Stefana Mihajlovic



Photos by
Josh Evans/
Design by
Julie Dolezilek

She may be 6,213 miles from her home in Accra, Ghana, but this is not the first time Edna Martinson, a freshman at Park, has moved away from home. She is originally from Uganda, but moved to Ghana during her childhood. However, Martinson has more bad memories of Uganda than good.

"Growing up in Uganda was nothing like Ghana," Martinson said, "Ghana is a peaceful country but there was always something bad going on in Uganda."

There is one day growing up Martinson said she will never forget. She was only nine years old and in her third year of elementary school.

"It was show and tell day," recalled Martinson. "In the middle of some kid's presentation, the whole classroom was startled by two consecutive gun shots. Immediately, our instructor ran out and we were left scared and confused."

Apparently the instructor, along with the rest of the administration, was aware of what was coming. For many years, she said, Rainbow Elementary, the school Martinson attended, had been low on funds and resorted to taking loans from a well-known tycoon in Uganda.

"Everybody in Uganda knew him," Martinson explained. "It wasn't rare or wrong to take loans from him, just as long as you paid him back."

Rainbow Elementary didn't pay him back.

"He was known as a very ruthless and impatient person," Martinson added.

In order to make his point clear, the lender gathered 40 of his men, strapped them with heavy ammunition, and sent them off to siege Rainbow Elementary.

"When some of his men were put on trial, they stated that they were never there to hurt the kids," said Martinson. "They said the main purpose was to keep the administration captive...but I experienced otherwise."

The students were unsure what to do after the sudden disappearance of their teacher. However, they soon got an answer.

"Mr. VanDevelder came back 15 minutes later and told us to take all of our things and quietly begin heading out of the school," said Martinson. "We were told to head towards the back gate, where we would begin a mile long

walk to the closest boarding school. But before we were able to leave, one of the men entered our classroom."

After receiving a phone call, the man left and the children escaped.

"We get to the back gate and I can hear my brother screaming my name," Martinson recalled. "We finally spot each other and see that we're both okay but we had to stay with our classrooms. We start walking in a line and hold each other's hands to the boarding house. I was holding my friend Nidha's hand and all she could talk about was how she left her things behind."

The students were not allowed to go back under any circumstances. Everybody who got the chance to leave was already gone. Cars came to take babies from the nursery to the boarding house. Finally, the children arrived at the boarding house and started to settle down.

"I look away for one second and Nidha is gone," said Martinson. "I quietly snuck outside to look for her and saw that she was running back to the school. I guess she really wanted her things. I decided to follow close behind her. I wanted to make sure she got back alright."

Meanwhile, the president and the rest of the administration are being held captive at the school.

"When we got close, I could see the men standing at every entrance to the school," said Martinson. "There were two men by the gate. I hid by the nearest bush and I could see everything. Nidha ran through the gate and the two men immediately grabbed her and began screaming at her. They took her by the pool and threw her in. Nidha didn't know how to swim. I was in shock but as soon as the men left, I ran over to get her. She was barely breathing when I took her out. I managed to get us back on the road and one of the cars carrying the babies from the nursery passed by. They stopped for us and we were on our way back to safety."

After spending some time at the boarding house parents came to pick their kids up and the police were called. Due to the lender's connections, he was only placed in jail for two days but many of his men were imprisoned. Martinson was able to identify the two men who threw Nidha in the pool, leading to their incarceration.

It's hard to imagine this happening to any nine year old but this is just another childhood memory to Martinson. She recalls it like it's nothing, but if she hadn't chosen to run after her friend Nidha that day, chances are her friend wouldn't be alive.

At the surprising age of 16, Edna Martinson is a freshman at Park University. But, luckily, she is not here alone.

Edna followed her brother, Douglas Martinson, to school. He is currently a sophomore at Park.

"I always wanted to go to school in America," said Edna. "As soon as Douglas left for Park, I knew I'd be going there with him."

Edna was able to begin her college education earlier than most of her first year peers because she was homeschooled her last two years of high school.

"I finished my two-year homeschooling course in six months and was ready to start college," Edna explained.

Douglas had his own reasons for wanting to study at Park.

"This was my opportunity to be the first in my family to experience the U.S.," said Douglas. "I got the chance to experience a new culture and a new way of life."

Edna would soon follow in her brother's footsteps, however, giving two members of the Martinson family a chance at this opportunity.

The pair have currently been studying together at Park for one academic year.

"It's been great to have my sister here," Douglas said. "When you are this far from home, it's good knowing that someone else from your family is with you."





*"Kindness, like a
boomerang, always
returns."*

-Author unknown





Photographs by Richard Ashley

Creating a work of art

by Dan Jeanes,
design by Julie Dolezilek

Meet John Sutton III

If you were to meet an artist who is studying at Park University, you might be imagine the caricature of a modern college artist: scrawny white male with a scruffy beard, maybe some tattoos, and a penchant for talking about social justice and taking pride in being a starving artist.

If the person you were going meeting goes by the name of John Sutton III, you would be sorely wrong.

While not shy about addressing social justice as well as the world in general, both in his work and personal life, John Sutton is an African-American powerhouse of an artist, built like a linebacker for the Kansas City Chiefs.

He is also one of the most prolific creators on campus.

"[I] fool a lot of people," Sutton says with a wide grin when asked about his appearance and what he does as his degree major, suggesting the most common question he gets is "you do what?"

Sitting in the Root House on the lower level of the Park campus, Sutton appears comfortable. The room is filled with plaster dusted sheets and the smell of wet oil paints. One sculptor works the clay wheel in the background while Sutton sits at a large wooden table.

He has brought along his camera to share some of his work not available in person, but also to continue photographing his work in progress. He holds a rough white plaster mold of his face, part of a new project he is working on.

"The biggest thing for me at this stage is to create art that speaks to many people and may be shocking," he says about his profession in life, "I want to get my name out there and the more exposure I can get, the better."

Starting Out As an Artist

"I have been doing some sort of art since I was a small child," he continues. "I was encouraged deeply by my parents to be creative and use art to express my

feelings. Art," he says, "[has] always been there."

As early as kindergarten, Sutton was encouraged by both his parents and his teachers to continue pursuing his creative side. His parents still have one of his earliest drawings from his first years in school, and they still encourage him today. Also influenced, early on, by comic books like *Spider-Man* and *The Incredible Hulk*, he has taken an interest in working out and keeping fit, as well.

In fact, Sutton has had a career in the comic book industry, having done work for Marvel Comics Corp.



"I got some work doing some promotional items for Marvel comics and a few other comic based companies," he says, "Posters, card stocks, and inked a few comics. That dried up and Marvel went in-house and stopped freelancing. To this day I don't believe they accept freelancing, which is a shame."

The prolific artist has also worked in the professional wrestling circuit, performing for World Championship Wrestling. The opportunity came one night while he was working as a bouncer.

"One day some pro-wrestlers came in and were impressed at the size of me and my friend who were working the door that night," he says, "They asked if we ever thought about [wrestling] and I said I had. They gave me an address and I sent in a tape and some photos.

"A few weeks later a former wrestler named Terry Taylor called me and said they were impressed with my 'look'; I had dreadlocks at the time and looked like the 'Predator' [monster from the film franchise]."

Earning the moniker "Cold Blooded" John Sutton, Sutton's hard work panned out as his debut fight was one to remember.

"I did very well and the promoter made a point of coming back to the dressing room," saying, "for a rookie debut I was the best he had seen. I was on cloud nine. I had Greg 'The Hammer' Valentine, Jimmy 'Superfly' Snuka and the Honky Tonk Man all there clapping along with the rest of the boys. It was great."

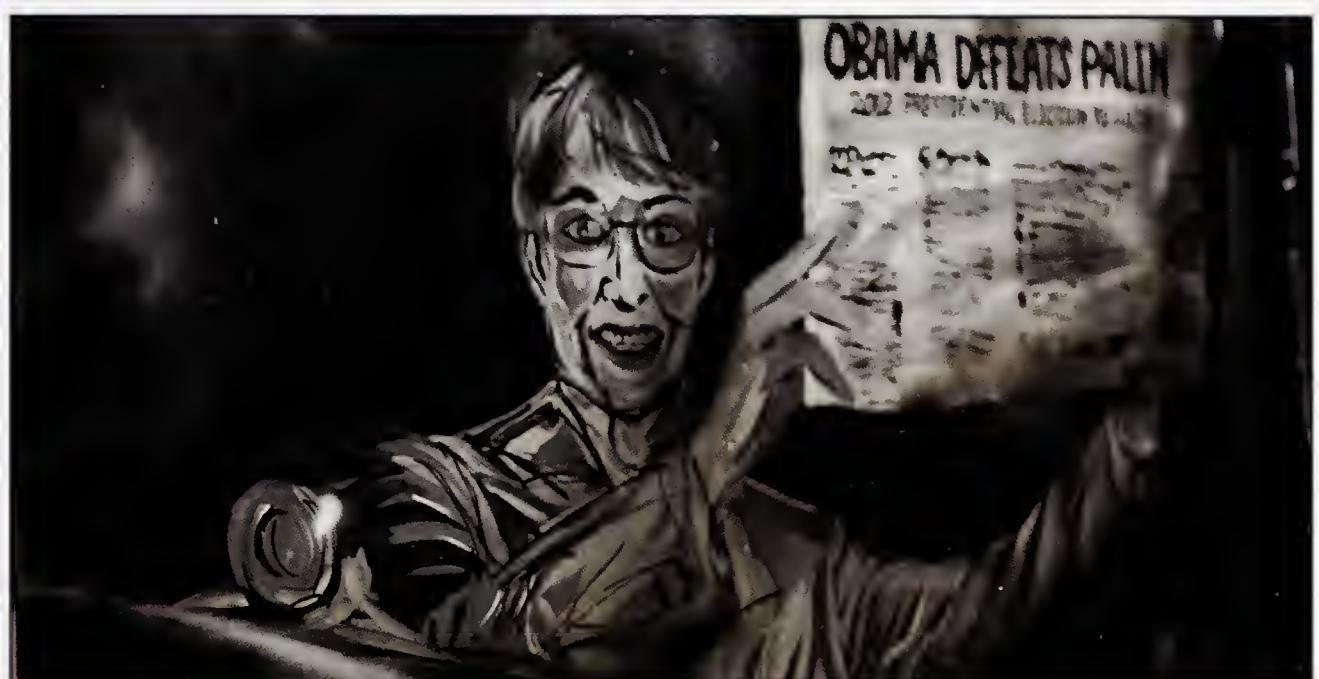
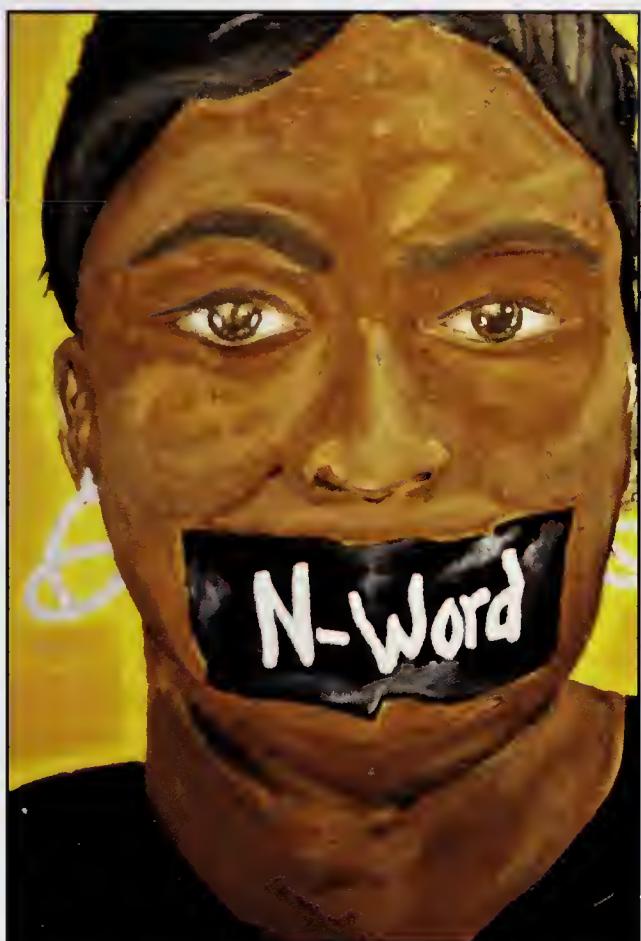
"As a comic fan I loved big strong superheroes; so being a kid, wrestling was like superheroes come to life" he says, but the profession was short-lived.

"A few years later I left the business. It was very different once you were exposed to things on the inside. A lot of these guys had substance abuse issues like alcohol, pain killers, steroids... failed relationships were normal also because of the time you spent on the road."

Being an Artist Today

Finding inspiration "from everyday life," Sutton says, "the problems I see in the world, whether personally or in a magazine or television all the way to the innocence of children playing at a park," are a part of his work.

"The majority of my inspirations are from circumstances I see in the world that I believe need to be exposed, addressed, and changed."



As an expression, the various forms of artwork he creates also reflect the different stages of life he's traveled. Some of his darker pieces reflect a bad breakup of a relationship, while other works have attempted to convey a message of hope.

"[I] love creating artwork," he says, suggesting that it "transcends culture... you never know what kind of impression on a person [art has]. That's totally cool."

'Untitled Political Project'

One work in particular, which he calls his "Untitled Political Project," is a dark work of smeared reds, blues and blacks, with words written like graffiti – good, evil, God, love, hate – across the whole work. At the very top of the piece is a picture of Adolph Hitler standing proudly between two identical images of Gandhi in prayer.

"A movie called *V for Vendetta* inspired this piece," Sutton says, "I have always

been interested in the duality of man and how mankind often battles two extreme forms of behavior... good and evil."

Thinking of the two historical extremes of love and hate, he says he "came up with the idea of Adolf Hitler," representing hate, "being flanked and prayed for by Mahatma Gandhi," a clear representative of love.

"Various other political statements are made throughout the painting in regards to President Barack Obama [and] George W. Bush."

"As an artist I struggle to give a voice to anger, hurt, and fear," he says. "Art which expresses outcry, outrage and witness needs to be seen."

'Hope Falls'

Another work Sutton presents is called "Hope Falls". It is also dark and uses a three-dimensional method, with actual chains interlinked across the painting of a nude woman hunched in a fetal position, her back to the viewer..

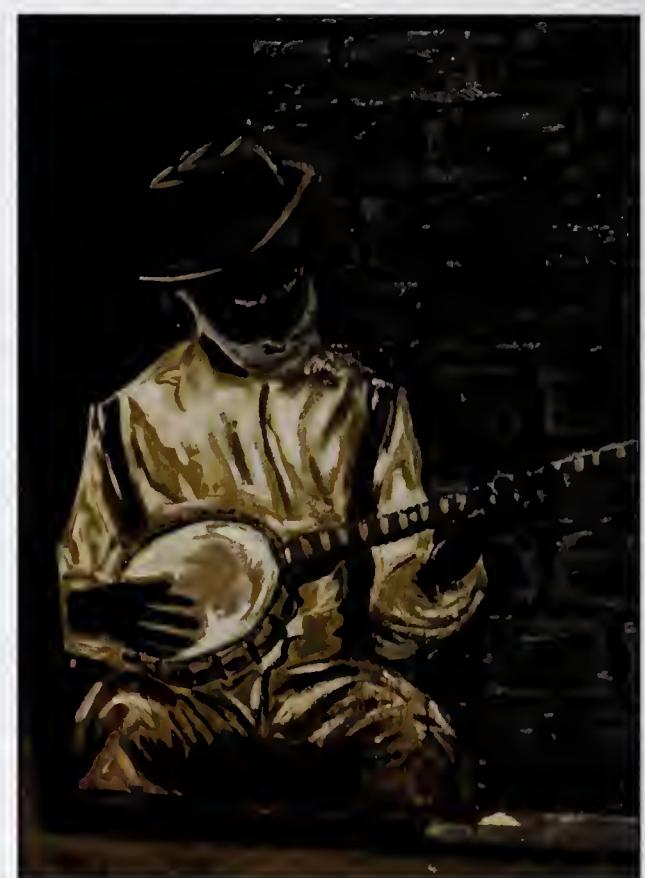
Using what he refers to as a "monochromatic color scheme of blue", in order to "set a mood of somberness and melancholy," the work presents the woman "huddled atop an uncomfortable perch," not moving, suggesting that she has "nowhere else to move."

"She stares out into a cold, dark environment without any glimmer or symbol of hope. She is nude, cold, and chained off from a world that may be a more inviting place."

As bleak as the piece is, however, Sutton suggests there could be a glimmer of hope. The bright hue of blue in the background suggests that even in our darkest hours change may be just around the corner."

"When I first created this piece I left the work untitled," he continues, adding he, "wanted the viewer to use their own experiences and background to justify a meaning to them."

If you were to ask "100 different people what this painting means to them,"



he says, "I bet you get 100 different answers."

Other Works of Art

John Sutton's other paintings include a renaissance-inspired male nude ("After Caravaggio") - with lush ivory skin, draped in a bright crimson throw - to a few self-portraits intensely detailed, one of which is somewhat menacing. "Cold Blooded" John Sutton, indeed.

Sutton does more than paint, however. He is also a sculptor and his works include rebuilding and re-painting a violin, with a stained-glass theme.

"The violin was for the Northland Symphony Orchestra," he says, "They have a fund raiser each year and select around 10 artists from the KC area to redesign violins for auction." The piece, which he titled "Stained Class!" was for charity. "All proceeds go the symphony who put on free concerts here in the Northland."

"My take on Michelangelo's sculpture

of Mary holding Jesus Christ," he notes of another sculpture ("Pieta") of brown-black plaster with faces stretching from the rough surface, "in homage" to the famous artist.

"My most recent [sculpture] is one I did of myself," he says, "it explores the duality of man and that often people put on faces for [an] occasion and may be totally different to others."

What the Future Holds

"Ultimately, I'd like to have a studio," he says about long-term goals, "and produce art on a daily basis for public display in parks, museums and so on." By the summer of 2010, he had that Crossroads studio.

His house is like a small art museum, with almost all of his work from his earliest years to his present projects on display. But he also has an interest in getting his master's degree and, someday, possibly being an adjunct teacher.

"When I tell my peers that I am

interested in tackling art full-time as opposed to teaching art (which may still be a possibility for me) they are often impressed with my ambition to do so," he says.

"I do feel that my art can help pay the bills, so to speak," he says, working on plans to make his art benefit him and others for the long haul, "It takes a lot of dedication and determination to become a self sufficient artist; it's hard work."

While John Sutton might not look like the typical student artist on a university campus, his resume certainly suggests otherwise.

"I have been able to supplement my income from art and I know at the very least I will be able to do this for the rest of my life, but I can honestly say I won't be happy if I wind up doing any other type of work than art," he says, "It kills me a little bit inside each day I am not doing what I believe I was meant to do."

Ready to Fight

by Cheryl Burnett,
edited by Adam Shupe

At the age of 17, Quinn M. Bixler found himself in a closet.

Bixler, a straight A student at Turner High School in Kansas City, Kans., had been meeting another boy in the closet of the school's drama room for the past four months. His parents and girlfriend of eight months had recently found out he was gay. He had known for a long time and he was sick of living a lie.

"Well when I first realized it, I was terrified," says Bixler. "I mean it is scary as Hell knowing you are what people hate."

Bixler is scheduled to graduate next year and his priorities are no longer in the closet.

Bixler says he is concerned about promoting activism for gay rights. Bixler says he lacks tolerance for anyone willing to judge another simply because of how they were born.

"People who say that people are this by choice are ridiculous," says Bixler. "Do you think I want to have a harder life? If I had a choice I would take the easiest route. I would be a straight white male in America, not a gay man."

Bixler, public relations major at Park University, plans on working with GLAAD (Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation) upon graduation. Bixler says the gay community isn't doing enough to fight for their rights. He says the current struggle for gay rights and the civil rights movement of the 1960s are similar.

"I think Americans just need to find another group to alienate," says Bixler.

Bixler is especially passionate about the issue of gay marriage.

Bixler has been dating his boyfriend for more than two years. He says they are ready to get married.

"I have tried on a few pairs of pants in my day," said Bixler, "but he is the only one that seems to fit just right."

Bixler thinks the public is misinformed by common stereotypes, specifically that homosexuals are overly promiscuous and fail to maintain monogamous relationships.

"I waited to have sex with my boyfriend," said Bixler, "like a normal boy or girl that wants a respectful and lasting relationship."

The thought of marriage isn't a new one to Bixler. He recalls playing wedding with another boy in elementary school.

"I remember we would always pretend like we were getting married," said Bixler, "but I was the bride and he was always the groom. We would be like 'you may now kiss the bride and I would always kiss him. I would always have my little bouquet of those little white clovers."

As an adult, it's a bit more complicated for two boys to pick

a bouquet of white clovers and get married.

"If I were to have a commitment ceremony with Michael, we would have to get married in another state," said Bixler. "Missouri doesn't recognize it because they passed an amendment to say that marriage is between a man and woman because it says it in the Bible. I would like to know where because I have read a lot of it."

As a Christian, Bixler says he takes a special offense to the state's stance on gay marriage.

"Religion is like my rock," said Bixler. "I mean, I was in a really dark place before I started going to church. I don't need anyone to judge me for being a gay Christian."

When Bixler came to Park University he tried to start a gay-straight alliance. A gay-straight alliance is a club, which promotes sexual diversity. Lack of attendance kept the club from succeeding. For his first three years at Park, Bixler says, he was the only "out" gay man.

The failure of his club doesn't mean Bixler is done helping. He talks now about how hard it was before and after he came out. Gay teens have the highest suicide rate and this was not a thought which escaped Bixler.

"It's hard to live in fear of people knowing and people rejecting you and stuff like that," says Bixler. "I would like to reach out to some of these teens and be like, 'It's alright, what you're doing is fine. It's fun, just use a condom.'"

Things aren't all serious with Bixler. He recalls his 21st birthday and spending the evening at Missy

B's, one of the most popular gay bars in Kansas City.

"I don't like to go do gay things all the time or be at gay places," said Bixler. "That's a big thing with some people that are my age is being gay just to be gay. I'm not like that."

While stereotypes are usually not the way to define a person, inevitably some are confirmed. Bixler for instance, owns every Barbara Streisand and Madonna record. He also says he isn't very masculine, but that doesn't stop him from dropping a line in the water and participating in the age-old 'masculine' tradition of fishing.

Five years after Bixler came out to his friends and family his life is different. He says he is out and proud. Bixler plans to get married to his boyfriend as soon as he can and they have even talked about kids some day. Bixler says he wants to help the gay kids that are feeling the same thing he was five years ago. He wants to show them that the tools they need to succeed can't be found in the closet.



Quinn Bixler (right) and his boyfriend, Michael (left).



Rachel Dryden invests herself in a new kind of spring break

By Andi Enns

Rachel Dryden sank into the hard airplane seat, already resenting the trip. Her friends were taking a much-needed break from school and work – but Dryden was on her way to Jacksonville, Fla., to spend her fall break volunteering. All she wanted was to be back in her comfy dorm room in Parkville, Mo., snuggling with her boyfriend and watching VH1. She had no idea that the trip would change her entire perspective on life.

It's not like she even needed to go, she reasoned with herself. She grew up below the poverty line – why can't someone else give back to the community? What did the community ever do for her? The first-generation college freshman had already gone farther than anyone in her family. She deserved a rest right about now, right?

Dryden, a hyperactive age woman with shiny brown hair, watched Kansas City slipping away through the airplane window. The Midwestern city had always been her home, for all of her 19 years. She felt the homesickness weighing down her stomach like a boulder. Dryden thought of the ladybug stuffed animal her boyfriend gave her, and wished it had fit in her carry-on. She wanted to nuzzle her face into the warm red fuzz and forget all about this trip.

Finally, Dryden and the service group arrived at the church hosting them in Florida. The service leader gave them free rein to enjoy their first night in Jacksonville. Dryden headed to the beach to lie in the sun, splash in the water, play in the sand -- to experience fall break like any other college coed. At the end of the night, she settled into her mattress on the church gymnasium floor and wrote in her journal.

"Things became really exciting when I discovered we were not going to do any actual service today; the events of the day were up to us to fabricate! So, we all agreed to take a trip to the beach! I had an amazing time, although I collected about three pounds of sand in my bathing suit by the time we got back to the church."

SUNDAY

After a few hours of sleep, Dryden woke up to go to a homeless shelter and serve breakfast. Suddenly, this trip became a dramatically different fall break than her beach adventures the night before night.

"When I think of serving breakfast, I picture standing in a line, dishing out food to the homeless," Dryden says, her bright blue eyes open wide. "Kind of like how I was served meals at school as a kid. I thought it would be a huge room with tables everywhere and swarms of people in raggedy clothing."

In reality, the shelter was small and cozy, and no one was in rags. She never would have known they were needy, she said. It was actually much like her own childhood – the men looked like normal people, even if poor.

The shelter served breakfast restaurant-style, so Dryden became a waitress for the morning. She rushed around the cafeteria loaded down with trays of steaming food, her eyes searching for the pink tickets printed 'FOOD' waving in the air.

Mostly, she served older men. Some were disabled. Some were able bodied. Some were black, and some white. Each waited patiently for the Missouri teenager to bring them a hotdog and cranberry juice.



"These guys were just waiting for something to eat," says Dryden. "Anything."

She brought out tray after tray, until the morning became a blur of pink tickets, a cacophony of shouts, and an anonymous sea of faces. As she sat a plain bagel down, she thought of her dad. Any of these men could be him. Her biological father cannot work, Dryden explained, because of his various ailments.

She recalls visiting him, opening his cupboard and seeing a single box of saltine crackers for food. Though that would hardly be considered a meal for many, Dryden thinks his pride prevents him from seeking help.

As she looked into the face of the man with the bagel, she imagined her father sitting here, hoping for something to dampen that crippling hunger for just a couple more hours.

Later, she wrote this in her journal.

"My parents got a divorce when I was eight-years-old, and from that point on, I did not see my father much. There are memories of him, though, that I can remember as if it happened yesterday. I remember shortly after the divorce, my dad was screaming at my mom at the bottom of the stairs. I did not really understand what was going on, but I knew whatever it was, it was making my mother cry. So in my mother's defense, as he was about to leave, I yelled "I hate you!" at the top of my lungs. He glared at me and then slapped me across the face. It still hurts me to think he would do that to me. ...I hope tomorrow will be a less emotional day."



MONDAY

Dryden walked with her community service group to a nursing home. The group leader explained they would be serving lunch and helping clean up. Dryden imagined another day of being a waitress and perhaps picking up litter or landscaping.

They walked into the building, greeted by the sweet stench of death. A small placard at the front desk instructed residents to sign up for "Help from Missouri College students". Dryden was sent to room 915, per the signup sheet.

"I just turned 93 a few weeks ago," the resident, whom Rachel called Mrs. Virginia, said. "Can you help me find my

green sweater?"

Mrs. Virginia instructed Dryden to take every garment from the closet and lay them out on the bed for her to look through. After each piece was inspected, Dryden carefully hung each one back in the closet. Every so often, Mrs. Virginia insisted that Dryden rest a few minutes. She didn't want Dryden to be worn out, she said. Dryden looked everywhere for the green sweater. Under the bed, in the bathroom, the closet floor. The sweater was simply gone.

Mrs. Virginia mentioned that she had bought a vacuum cleaner that she had never used, because she had injured her wrist shortly after purchasing. She didn't like the area under her bed to be dusty, she



explained, and that's why she got the vacuum.

"I looked up to this woman," says Dryden. "At her age, most people would be grumpy and want everyone to do things for them; but not Mrs. Virginia. Even at 93-years-old, she still wanted to take care of her living space and vacuum underneath her bed."

When Dryden offered to vacuum for Mrs. Virginia, she replied, "Oh, that would be wonderful!"

Dryden vacuumed, dusted, and did other simple chores around Mrs. Virginia's room. When she was done, Mrs. Virginia reached for her wallet. She fumbled and shakily brought out a ten-dollar bill.

"Now, will this be enough for you?" asked Mrs. Virginia.

Dryden refused the money.

"No, I would really appreciate it if you would take this money. You did such a good job and should be rewarded," insisted Mrs. Virginia.

"No, really," said Dryden. "Helping you out is rewarding enough."

"I don't understand why you would wanna just come all the way down to Jacksonville and help some poor old woman, but thank you," said Mrs. Virginia. "Thank you for helping me."

As a compromise, Dryden agreed to take a photo with Mrs. Virginia. Dryden then said goodbye to "one of the most amazing people I have ever met."

The service group's next task was to serve lunch to the retirement home residents. She wrote this in her journal:

"Lunch was not what I thought it was going to be either. I, yet again, thought we would each be serving the food to the elderly at lunch time. But, when we got there, we were each given a hair net and gloves and instructed to bus dishes and help carry trays to the table. Instead of delivering the trays of food to the residents sitting at tables, we walked next to them, assisting them by putting their food and drinks on each of their trays. We then sat them down, took their food off the tray, and put the trays on a rack to be washed."

Dryden walked with all sorts of residents. Some were nice and curious about the group. Some were loud. Some were quiet. A few were cranky. As she walked with one of the residents, Dryden saw her grandmother out of the corner of her eye.

On a second glance, she realized it was not Grandma Dryden. This woman had the same facial features - the same face shape, the same curved brow bone and slanted nose, and the same whitish-gray hair - but it was not her. Grandma Dryden is, unfortunately, deceased, so it couldn't be her.

Dryden thought of the holidays she had spent with her grandmother, and how wonderful each one had been. Dryden thought of Grandma Dryden's desserts, and how fun it was to cook Thanksgiving dinner with her. She missed those days.

"I came on this trip with the mind-set that I would come down from my pedestal to help out less fortunate people. But, I was so wrong. Some of these people's lives and appearances, since I have been reminded of both my father and grandmother now, parallel my life and have taught me more about myself. I am so thankful for this experience."

TUESDAY

Day three of the service trip, and Dryden's fall break in Jacksonville was not what she had expected. She had imagined mornings volunteering and evenings on the beach. She thought about this as she pulled on yard work clothes and climbed into the stuffy group van to do some outdoor work. They drove through pouring rain and pulled up in front of a grey house in a subdivision.

It was a drab house on a drab day, filled with drab rooms. Dryden would soon learn that it was a group home for mentally handicapped men - men who were anything but drab.

Dryden and a few of her trip-mates were assigned to "brighten up" 20-year-old Matt's bedroom. The room was currently paneled with wood and had one sea-foam green accent wall. The group grabbed cans of white paint and went to work painting over the green and some of the paneling. Dryden helped rearrange the furniture, and when the painting was done, she did some touchups in the living room. The group stood back proudly and looked at their nearly mess-less handiwork.

Dryden was exhausted, but she and the group decided to stay for a little bit and see Matt's reaction to his newly painted room. When he got home from school, he ran up to his bedroom to see the difference. He walked into the now bright room, and his eyes widened with excitement. He scampered around the room and pointed at the walls.

He pointed to his chin and made a signal to say "thank you". He can only use sign language to communicate.

"Until this point, I had never really been around people with disabilities. It was really eye opening to see how little these people can do for themselves; I also realized how hard it is on their parents. Despite their problems, they crave independence just like any other human being. They love to try and do things by themselves. For example, me receiving my acceptance letter from Park University is equivalent to them accomplishing a simple task such as brushing their teeth or feeding themselves.

They can also be funny, and they definitely always kept me smiling. This day was different than any day I have ever experienced. It taught me a stronger sense of patience, through love."

WEDNESDAY

Dryden and the rest of the group headed to a clothing closet in the basement of a church, to sort through clothes and give clothes to those who needed them. Each person who came into the church filled out a worksheet with their size and their needs. Then a volunteer headed into the back room to get some clothes.

Dryden remembers one family in particular. A woman and her husband brought in seven children under the age of 14, and needed clothes for each one. Dryden took the toddler's order sheet and dug deep into the bins to find the best clothes for him to wear. It was probably the only clothes he'd get for a while, so they needed to be the best.

When the students handed the family a bag of clothes for each child, the middle-aged mother began to cry. "Thank you so much," she said.

"Sometimes, we could not find a person's size, especially if the person was very big or very small," says Dryden

somberly, a stark difference from her normal overabundance of energy. "It was really disappointing to me when we could not completely fulfill someone's order; I knew since I could not give them the clothes they needed, they would simply do without."

One man only wanted a pair of shoes. Dryden just found a single pair in his size. They were a little rugged, but they were in much better shape than the pair he had on. He smiled a toothless smile.

"Next to feeding people who are hungry, I think putting clothes on a person's back is the best thing you can do," says Dryden.

Next, the group headed back to the soup kitchen where they had started the week. Instead of waitressing and bussing tables, Dryden cleaned trays. The people on this Wednesday afternoon were a lot different from the breakfast earlier in the week. Dryden noticed women and children, most of whom carried Bibles.

"It really made me think, wow, people who are literally struggling everyday just to eat still praise God," says Dryden. "Most people, once things started going wrong, would immediately blame God."

Later, as she lay back on the church gymnasium floor, she wrote in her journal:

"Tomorrow we leave Jacksonville behind us with a variety of experiences, new knowledge, and unforgettable memories. I have had a lot of fun here in Florida, but I will be happy to be home!"

THURSDAY

On the plane back to Kansas City, Dryden sank into another hard airplane seat, but this time it was more liberation than torture. Her exhausted body was grateful for the relief from working. She chatted with her trip-mates about their experiences.

"We feel like family now," one remarked.

And as much as that was true, she couldn't wait to see her real family, her boyfriend, and her ladybug plush.

FRIDAY

After being back in Kansas City,

Mo., for 24 hours, Dryden was ready to face a demon she had encountered at the beginning of the trip. She called her dad and made one last entry in her journal.

"I have decided to be the bigger person and contact my father. Although, once I called, he explained he could not talk long because he had very few minutes left on his phone. So, I just told him I missed him and loved him; he said the same, although I question if he really meant it. I also decided to contact a preacher, who lives in the same neighborhood as my father, and asked him to go visit my dad, who has fallen into a deep depression. I am really sensitive about this issue, but going on this trip and bringing this conflict to the forefront of my consciousness, really helped me to be a better person."

Back at the university, Dryden fell into the steady rhythm of classes, work, friends. But though it was the same routine as before, Dryden says she will never be the same after her trip.

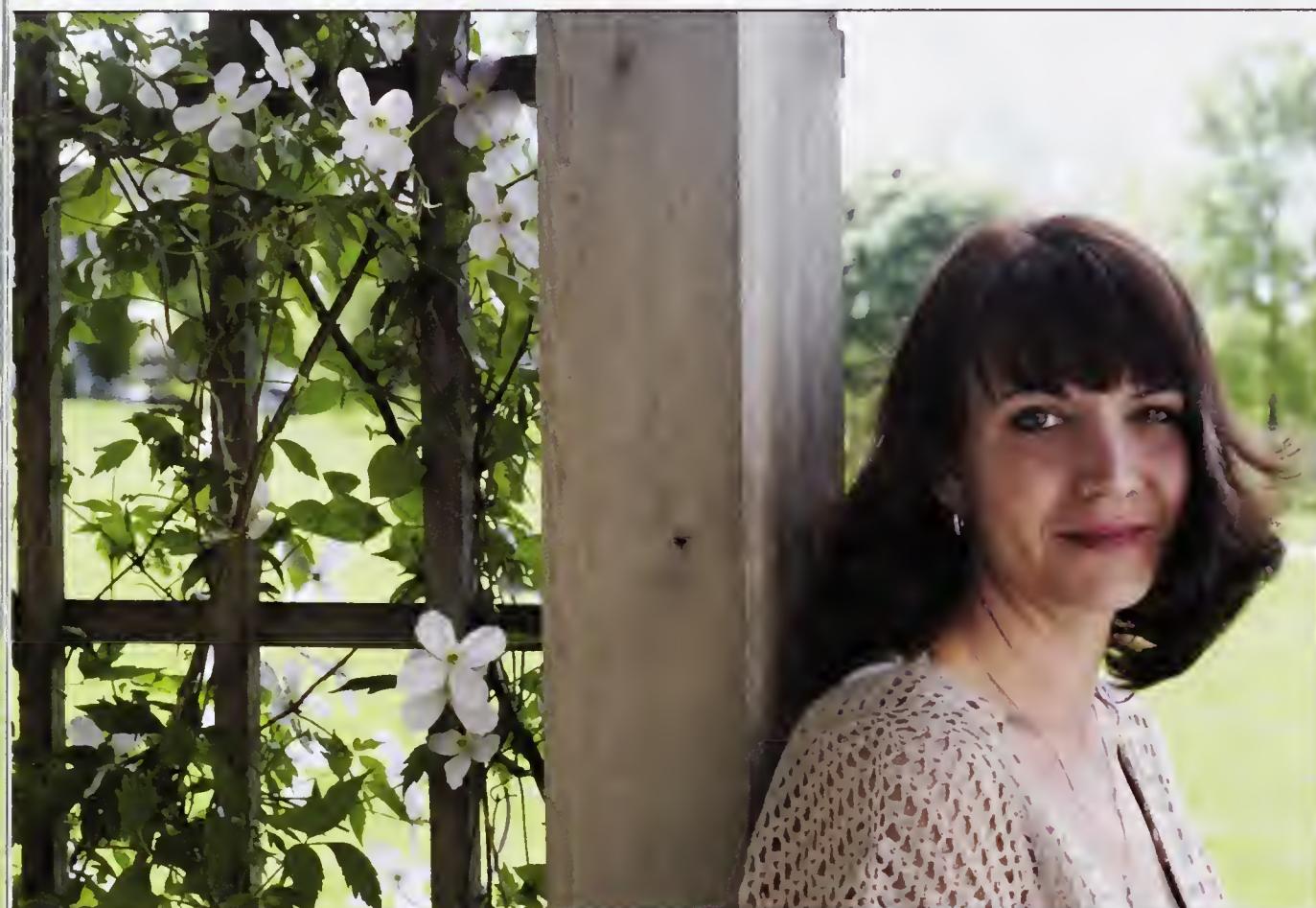
"It was really disappointing to me when we could not completely fulfill someone's order; I knew since I could not give them the clothes they needed, they would simply do without.. Next to feeding people who are hungry, I think putting clothes on a person's back is the best thing you can do..."

Sometimes...
a college education
is a journey that
takes a bit more
than four
years...

Just ask Misti and Tiffany

Balancing act: mom in the classroom

Story by Rachael Bowlin



The alarm buzzes moments before 6 a.m. initiating a flurry of showers, breakfast, putting little girls on the bus, and dashing off to school. A typical morning for Tiffany Yavicoli not only includes hurrying her daughters out the door to school, but readying herself to be in class by 9 a.m. at Park University.

"I'm out the door by 9 a.m.," says Yavicoli. "I'm on campus till noon on some days and 1 p.m. on others. After that I get home and I have a couple of hours of quiet time to start dinner, put in some laundry, and do homework."

As family members return, the day picks up again. Arianna, age 15, arrives first. They get an hour to visit. Later, snacks and homework are in order for Nina, age 9, and Angelina, age 7.

"Then my husband comes home; we have dinner at 6:30 on the nose every night," says Yavicoli.

Any family life can be busy, but Yavicoli is tangled up in an education as well. However, education has not always been scheduled into Yavicoli day. A long road brought her back to her school.

That road started with an Italian family in the streets of Erie, Pa., a small town near Buffalo, N.Y.

"Mom went to Woodstock," says Yavicoli with a smirk. "Dad went to Vietnam. He played semi-pro football and was a homicide detective. It was strange; people lied to him for a living, so you really couldn't BS him much. Whenever I tried to pull a caper at his house, it never ever worked."

Yavicoli's parents divorced when she was young.

"My parents put me out on the street when I was 16," says Yavicoli. "It was difficult working full time, going to school, taking care of an apartment. I was a kid from 8 a.m. to 3 p.m. at school, later I had bills to pay, a job...I thought, 'I don't need to go to school.' I had the potential, but not the encouragement."

She dropped out.

Across the next few years Yavicoli married her first husband, gave birth to Arianna, and moved to Arizona; however, the marriage did not last. She worked two, sometimes three, jobs; yet education kept calling.

"My roommates all went to ASU," says Yavicoli, waving a hand in a circle. "They were on me to take a class, but I couldn't do it, I was too proud. I had to work. I was told 'You are a single mom! There is grant money, loan money!' I had just finally 'upped' the guts to fill out my FAFSAs to go back to school, then I met my husband."

Yavicoli and her husband Gary have been married 10 years. He grew up in Buffalo; but, coincidentally, they both moved to Arizona on the same day.

"I moved 2,500 miles away from home to meet the boy next door," says Yavicoli with a smile.

After their marriage, a job opportunity returned the Yavicolis to New York, where Nina and Angelina were born.

As the girls grew, Yavicoli looked for something to do outside the house.

"I was used to going and going," says Yavicoli, twirling her hands. "I didn't want to go back into the workforce, the real world, as a waitress. I'm sorry to say it but something is sad about a 30-plus-year-old waitress."

An education came into view again. Tiffany spoke to Gary about it.

"We had decided it would be best for her to be with the kids," says Gary. "She never complained about it; she never questioned it. It was both of our choice. But, at the same time, I feel bad because she's had to wait so long to get to school."

They decided she would attend night classes.

"I made dinner, then I'd get my books and go out the door," says Tiffany. "He did the dishes and gave the girls a bath."

Despite another job move from Buffalo to Kansas City in 2006, Tiffany finished her associate's degree last spring. Scholarships were available to complete a bachelor's degree, but it was not part of 'the deal.'

"My husband has an associates degree," says Tiffany. "He did very well, beyond his education level. Me being more educated was a little intimidating. So when I graduated and found out I was eligible for scholarships, it really put him on the fence."

Tiffany's road to more education might have ended, but family tragedies changed everything.

"My mom and my best friend both lost their husbands within a year," Tiffany explains. "Gary lost his cousin, his cousin's fiancé, and another cousin. They were 21, 24, and 27. It got him centered on what is important, to go unfulfilled, what it is like to be left behind."

In the shadow of death, their "deal" came into a new light for Gary.

"He came to me," says Tiffany, with an unsteady voice and damp eyes, "He said, 'Listen, I know we made a deal, but I'm gonna to let you out of it. I think it would be really selfish if I made you go back to work. You would start at the bottom and scratch your way up, or I can be patient for two more years and know that you could get a good job make it without me.'"

Tiffany is a marketing major, a full time student.

"The best thing about going to school is recognizing that I have potential," says Tiffany. "It's something I put away for a long time."

"She has carried a 4.0 all the way through," Gary says. "She does a good job and takes care of every single one of us. I'm impressed by that."

Tiffany helps manage their small business, Yavster Interactive Studios, which composes flash for Web sites. Tiffany and Gary recently finished remodeling their basement.

"She is my best friend, so that works out really good," says Gary. "All three kids have a good relationship with her."

Nina, age 9, pointed out her mom's special talent for making giant size chocolate chip cookies.

"Just to sit in the kitchen and talk," says Arianna, age 15. "It's pretty much the best part of my day, having somebody to vent to."

Tiffany tells of juggling kids and homework.

"There are days I go to bed and say I wish I couldn't have said that," Tiffany says. "And they know that when finals come around they better ask daddy for everything. But it goes both ways; I put down my homework to help them with theirs."

Balancing home and school brings can bring a new perspective to education.

"When you have things working against you, you just have to try that much harder," says Tiffany. "If I didn't have the kids I wouldn't have taken college so seriously; it means more when you have kids. I said I would never ask anything out of those girls if I wouldn't do it myself. I need to show

them to work hard. They don't need to take over the world, they just need to do to the best they can."

Many tasks call her attention every day, but at the end, Tiffany takes it all in.

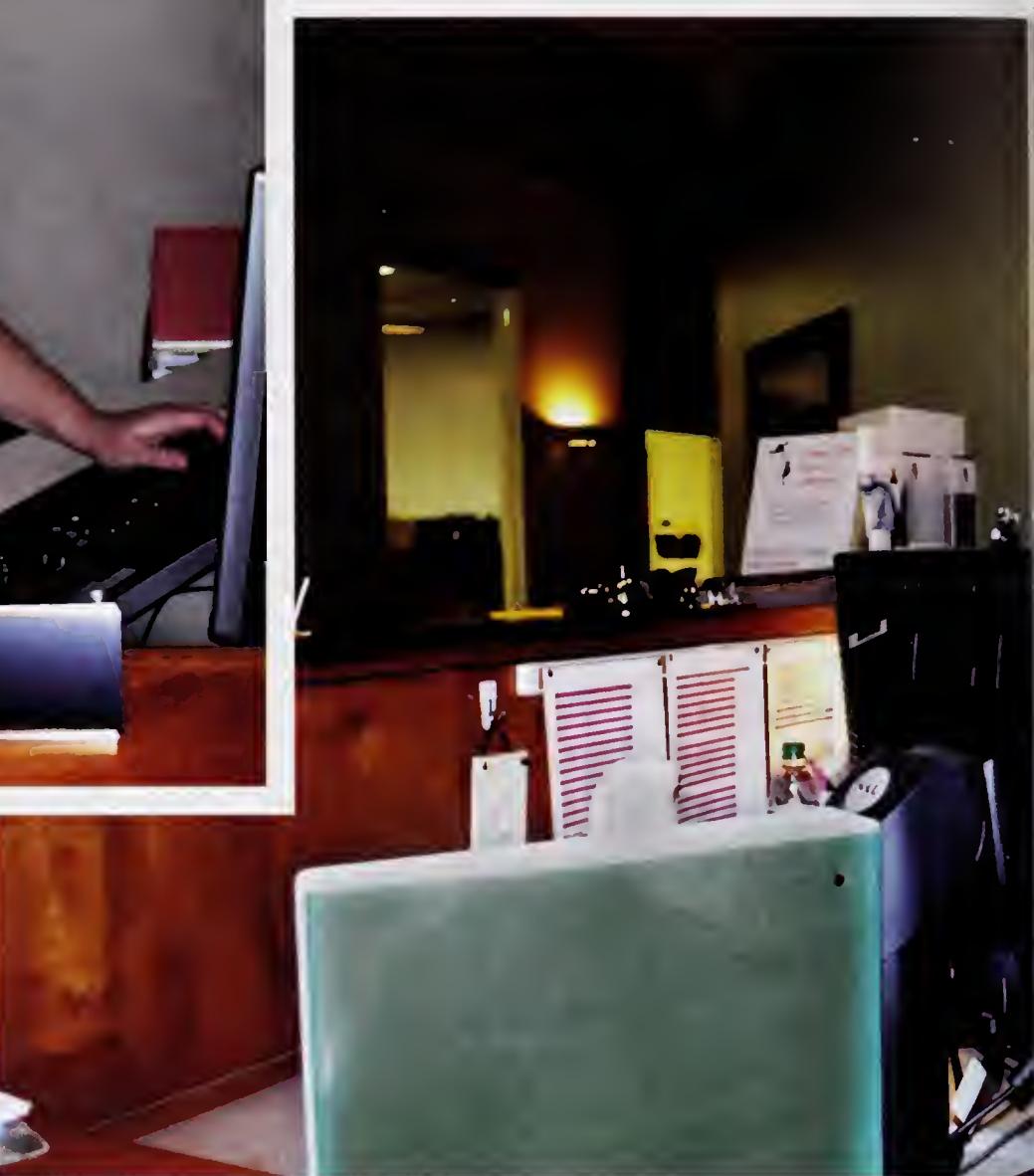
"I'm a big believer that you can't plan from A to B to C, life is full of those gray areas," says Tiffany. "But somebody tells me every day that they love me."

'...I said I would never ask anything out of those girls if I wouldn't do it myself. I need to show them to work hard. They don't need to take over the world, they just need to do to the best they can...'



Tiffany Yavicoli and family, above. Left, Yavicoli on a bench outside Thompson Commons.

Photograph (left): Michelle Oelrichs.



Life's lessons guide Park grad... and classmates, too

**Story by Jessica Sharp
Edited and designed by Lindsey Frazier**

On May 8, 2010, Misti S. Beer journeyed across the stage of the Community of Christ Auditorium in a cap and gown of canary and wine to receive her undergraduate diploma. Most classmates walking across the stage before and after Beer possessed the fresh memory of high school graduation circa 2006 in mind.

But Beer must rewind to the year 1989 to recall passing her General Educational Development (GED) test. She may not have the experience of walking across her high school stage to catcalls from friends and family, but fresh in her mind will be the short walk across a the stage this May at the Community of Chirst Church in Independence Mo., adorned in academic attire to signify her achievement as a graduate student from Park University.

As one of the many nontraditional students at Park University who make up 82 percent of the nationwide student population, Beer is a big part of what makes Park a nontraditional campus.

"I was a much better student once I got a little life under my belt," says Beer. "I realized the value of my education."

Had Beer gone straight to college and earned a four-year degree, she would have graduated in 1993. Instead, during the four-year time-span she would have spent studying and living the college life, she got married, had two children, divorced and started at Johnson County Community College.

At Johnson County, Beer worked to support her family. Lucas was born in 1990 and Jessica was born a year later.

"I always wanted to stay at home with my kids, so I worked and went to school around their schedules," says Beer.

For the next six years, Beer cleaned houses independently and bred Yorkshire Terriers (Yorkies). She stopped going to Johnson County after a year-and-a-half.

In 1999, Beer re-married and had her third child, Cayli. Beer and her husband earned the certification of Master Gardner, a program training students through 30 hours of classroom education and 30 hours of volunteer service to their community. Beer and her husband opened their own landscape business, Rivendell Cottage Landscape.

Beer continued to work her schedule around her three children.



Misti Beer at work in Financial Aid.

Photos left by Lindsey Frazier. Photo right by Richard Ashley.



After two marriages, three children, and several business start-ups, Misti Beer has plenty of life under her belt

In 2007, Lucas and Jessica were 17 and 16 and Cayli was 8 years old. Beer decided to go back to school to finish her associates degree in communication at Maple Woods Community College.

In January 2008, Beer ventured to Park University. She originally chose Park because of its location and proximity to her home. On a winter day in January 2010, on the first floor of Thompson Student Center at Pirate Grounds, surrounded by students speaking a wide variety of languages, she explained why she enjoys her experience at Park so much.

“I like Park because of the variety of students and culture,” says Beer. “The staff and faculty have a positive attitude and focus on the students which makes all the difference.”

In 2009, Beer participated in Park’s work-study program and then became a Financial Aid Specialist in December. The tuition remission she receives because she’s on staff pays for Lucas and Jessica’s education.

Graduating in May with a degree in communication, Beer plans to continue her education in Park’s graduate school program Communication and Leadership.

After two marriages, three children, and several independent business endeavors, Beer has more life under her belt than most students at Park University, but she brings those experiences into the classroom with her. In her Communication and Gender class with Dr. J. Mark Noe, while most students are single or newly engaged, she has the perspective of someone who’s been through the stages of a marriage and children. Other students listen intently to what she has to say knowing experience can often be more educational than their communication and gender textbook.

Beer’s experiences at Park and worlds apart from her daughter Jessica’s experiences at the University of Kansas in lecture halls crowded with a thousand students.

“The professor didn’t even know her name,” says Beer. “You’d never find that at Park.”

‘I was a much better student once I got a little life under my belt... I realized the value of my education.’

Trading smiles for smiles...

By Entesar Abdelhadi

Every unsung hero has a song to sing, and every hero has a hero. Elashun Hollowell doesn't have super powers and she can't fly off of buildings but she can teach homeless women who have been through an abusive lifestyle and are looking to turn their lives around.

Hollowell plans to graduate from Park University in December. Following in her mother's footsteps, Hollowell plans on becoming a teacher and making a difference in the inner city schools as well as shelters. Hollowell received the Dorothy Watson Literacy Award at the spring honors convocation.

"My mother is truly my inspiration, she has the passion to help those who are less fortunate by teaching in the inner city schools," Hollowell says, as she tapes a picture of her mother and her on to the wall. Hollowell loves to put pictures up of her family and friends. Their colors replace what was once a plain white wall and they now tell stories.

Hollowell says she came from a religious family who lived by strong values. She was raised on the south side of Kansas City, Mo., in Willow Creek Apartments. Soon after a mysterious fire took place at the Hollowell residence, her family was forced to start from scratch.

"I was left with nothing but this didn't stop me from staying positive like my mother taught me, especially after what she went through as a child," Hollowell says. In essence such a tragedy can leave a person feeling hopeless, but she kept moving forward. And, like Elashun, her mother went through a tragedy as well as a young woman.

"My mother gave up her childhood at a very young age when her mother passed away from Cirrhosis (a chronic disease interfering with the normal functioning of the liver) at the age of 35," Elashun explains. Her mother sacrificed her childhood as well as her dreams for her brothers and sisters to live theirs. Elashun's mother was only a teenager when she was taking care of her four brothers and sisters to prevent child services from separating them.

"My mother worked a full time job to survive and feed her siblings and to this day she still hasn't received a 'thank you' from them," Hollowell says. Elashun and her mother share a strong bond; her influences reflects her mother's actions, she says.

"My mother is the reason why I am who I am, she allows me to see that helping people is a gift and that it will bring you happiness when you make someone else happy," Hollowell says.

Hollowell took her mother's advice and ran with it; she decided she wanted to become a teacher. Hollowell plans on teaching elementary and middle school students. Her goal is to work in the

Center District where she once sat behind a desk. Now she will face those who sit behind the desks of Center Elementary.

Hollowell also volunteers to teach women who have suffered from abuse and have been sleeping on the side walks of Kansas City. The City Union Mission is a non-profit organization that helps homeless people get back on their feet.

"It all really started when a girl in my class asked me if I would be interested in joining the City Union Mission; she knew that I love to help people," Hollowell recalls. After a few months the organization called Hollowell and offered her a position. They also offered Zehara Solomon a position. Solomon has been Hollowell's best friend since grade school.

"Elashun is truly a one of a kind, she has this glow that comes with her smile that brings comfort to almost anyone," Solomon says. Hollowell volunteers at the City Union Mission twice week. As a college student schedules are pretty tight yet her volunteer work manages to be a part of her hectic schedule.

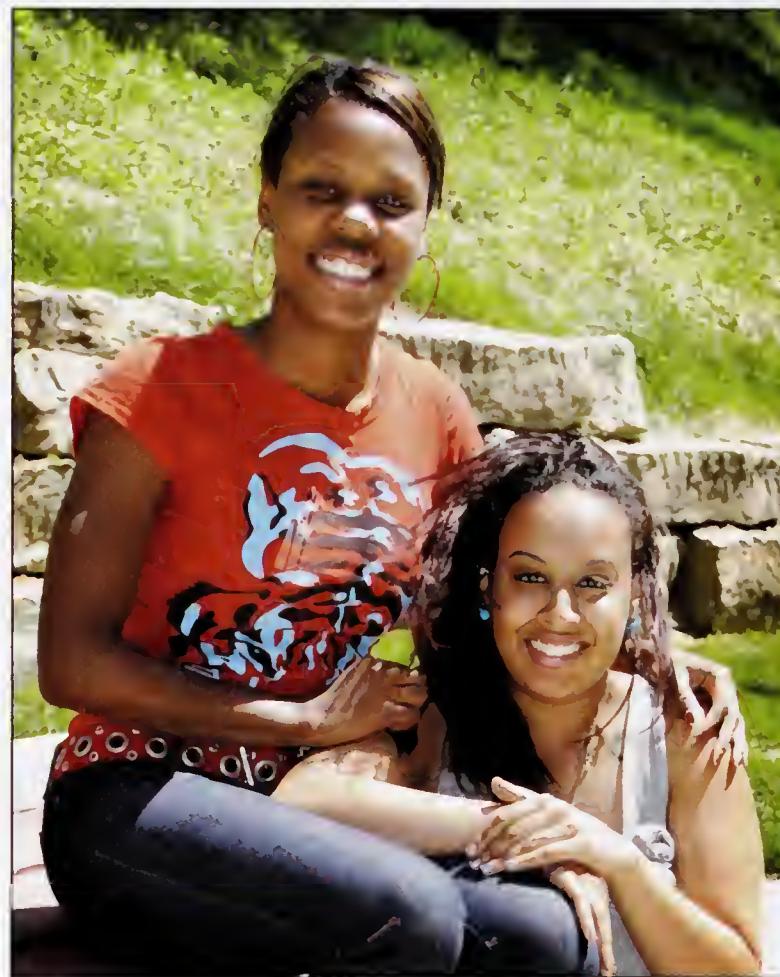
"I don't see this as a chore or something that's mandatory," Hollowell says. "I have a busy schedule but I make time for the women at the shelter." She teaches the women there is more to life, she says, and they can change themselves. She helps women who have been raped

by their husbands to girls who were once prostitutes living in the shadows of Kansas City.

"Some of these girls have never had their own bed to sleep on," Hollowell says. "I've learned to appreciate the little things in life more now." Her motivation to help others comes through her religious background. Hollowell says she believes God is her inspiration and he helps her through the tough times. She spreads this belief to the young women to help them make a better future.

"I'm blessed with the abilities to help others, I really feel as if my purpose on this earth is to help people," Hollowell says. Reaching her hand out to the less fortunate, Hollowell takes on the challenges which face her, like helping the women at the shelter. Imagine not having your own bed or feeling safe in your own home and feeling as if education is not an option.

"I made somebody happy today and they don't even have to say 'thank you,' just seeing them smile is enough; it's like from one smile to another," Hollowell says.



Park student leads worship, helps teens in crisis

By Hannah Sommer

Like many students at Park University, Jessica Sharp leads a busy life. What sets Sharp apart is that along with being a full-time student, she also leads worship at First Baptist Church in Platte City.

Sharp has been a member of the same congregation for many years.

"I've been going to church as long as I can remember; my dad has been a pastor at First Baptist Church for nearly 20 years. I'm the middle of five children and all my siblings are involved in a church.

"I have two brothers who are missionaries, my oldest brother spent two years in Africa, and, my youngest brother is currently in India. My older sister is in medical school with hopes of becoming a medical missionary."

Sharp started leading worship as a teen. Now, along with her husband Drew Sharp, she works with teens.

"Some of them have issues with depression...for others its sex and finding their identity, or figuring out what comes next after high school,"

she says.

"We talk about the pressures of being a teenager in today's world. It's been really cool to develop relationships with these young girls, and to see what they're going through. Most of them just need to be told they're loved and valued, and not by some 16-year old guy who just wants to have sex with them."

"God is calling me to be a worship leader in church."

Along with leading worship, Sharp also plays guitar for the church band.

"I started playing guitar when I was five; and singing before I can remember; so I started leading worship when I was a teenager," Sharp says.

Sharp chose Park University because of its close proximity to her

church.

"Because I went so close to college, it just seemed natural that I would keep going to the same church," she says.

Sharp and her husband also remain active with the congregation's young adults and young married couple's ministry.

"My husband takes the young men of the church and helps guide, show, and teach them how to be godly men at a young age. We also talk to them about how there is more to life than going out and getting drunk and high and not caring about anything," Sharp said.

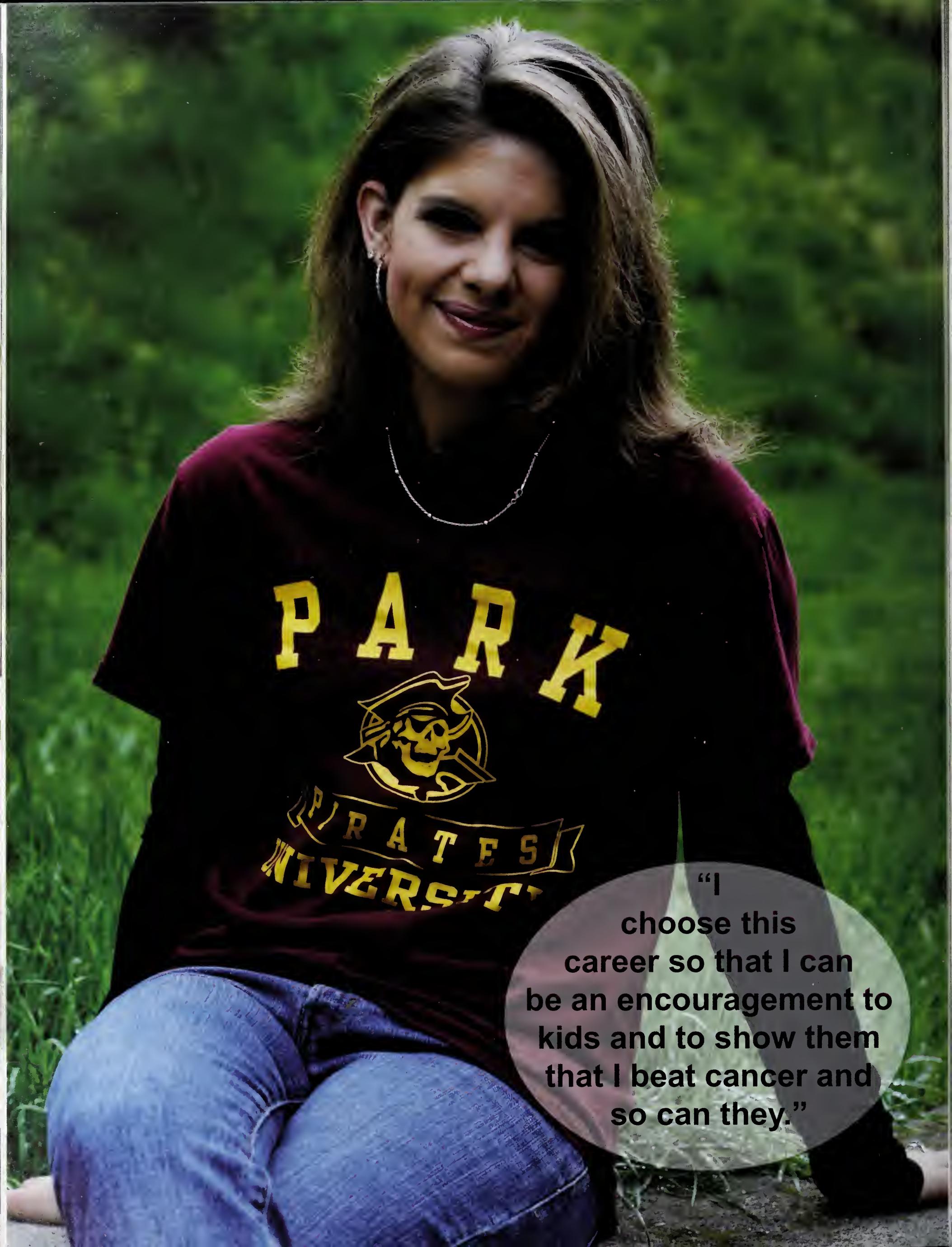
Although Sharp's life is hectic she does not regret the time she devotes to teens in need.

"God is calling me to be a worship leader in church so in hindsight it all happened for a reason, and also, with things working out like this I have a much deeper relationship with the teenage girls at my church. There's nothing I would go back and change now."



Jessica Sharp and her band members rehearse at First Baptist Church in Platte City, Mo. Band members include Clint Keith on electric, Drew Sharp on drums, and Todd Gee on guitar. The band leads the congregation in worship during church services.

In addition to leading worship, Sharp also works with teenagers in the church. *Photos by Hannah Sommer.*



“I choose this career so that I can be an encouragement to kids and to show them that I beat cancer and so can they.”

Childhood Struggle With Cancer Inspires Student Career Path

by Abby Crosthwait, photos by Jordan Wandfluh

Cancer. Hodgkins Lymphoma. These aren't usually two terms a small child is familiar with. For Courtney C. Kelly, they quickly became two terms she would know.

Kelly, was diagnosed with Hodgkins Lymphoma when she was 10 years old. Since she was so young, it was rare that this certain type of cancer had struck such a young child.

"One day I was just sitting in church and I went and just felt my neck and I felt the lumps there," Kelly said. "I went up and told my mom that something's not quite right."

After going to the doctor and being put on antibiotics and seeing no change in the size of the lumps, Kelly was taken into surgery for a biopsy to determine what the lumps were.

"I knew I was sick, but I didn't know it was cancer," Kelly said. "I guess at 10 years old you don't understand the severity of it. I thought it was something they would give me antibiotics for and I would get better and that would be the end of it, but it turned out to be something way beyond that."

Although Kelly's parents had decided not to tell her, it didn't take her long to realize the sickness she had was more serious than she thought.

"I had overheard my mom talking to one of the guys doing a scan on me and I heard them talking about cancer and I just pulled my mom over and flat out asked her, do I have cancer?" Kelly said. "She told me I did and that everything was going to be ok and that ya know, I would take some medicine and it might make me sick and it might make my hair fall out, but I would be ok."

After getting the test results and confirming it was lymphoma, Kelly started the treatments right away.

"I did chemotherapy for two weeks straight, Monday through Friday, then, I would have a week off," Kelly said. "It made me very sick. It was almost like having the flu for a week straight after treatment and I lost all my hair as well."

Although treatments took a toll on Kelly's overall health, she was able to

still attend school on occasion.

"I missed probably about 80 percent of school that year just from being so sick," Kelly said. "I would go to school when I could. But if other kids were sick in my class and they showed up to school I would have to leave because my immune system was so wiped out that I was very susceptible to picking up all sorts of viruses and illnesses."

Kelly spent much of her time at the clinic in the children's hospital in Omaha, Neb. There, she was always surrounded by other children, who served as a support group.

through the chemo," Kelly said. "She even came in and talked to my class about the disease and explained to them that I would lose my hair. She was very good, prior to procedures, explaining what was going to take place and she would put more on my level so I could understand."

Having spent a decent amount of time around the doctors and her child life specialist, Kelly said she felt close to everyone. Kelly is now a 21-year-old student at Park University, studying to get her degree in psychology to one day become a child life specialist just like she had.

"I saw my child life specialist basically every day while I was doing chemo," Kelly said. "When you're in that kind of situation you get close to the doctors and all the medical staff involved because you're around them constantly."

After enduring almost six months of chemotherapy, Kelly's results finally came back cancer free.

"After I did my last round of chemo and I went in and had all the same scans and procedures done that I had done prior to being diagnosed, the results came back and it showed that I was cancer

free," Kelly said. "We were very excited. I think it was more of a relief for my parents because I knew it was bad, but I guess being older now I realize how bad it was."

"I plan on becoming a child life specialist and working with children that have cancer," Kelly said. "I chose this career so that I can be an encouragement to kids and to show them that I beat cancer and so can they."

So what kept a 10-year-old who had lost her hair and part of her childhood from ever giving up?

"My family and close friends are what kept me going," Kelly said. "I wanted to fight for my life and live."

"It was almost like having a family, ya know," Kelly said. "We were a big support system for everyone in the center."

Kelly's childhood was not exactly normal because of going through this, but there was a place where she could go and still be a kid.

"There was a group called Candle Lighters that would meet about once or twice a month that was for parents and children that had cancer," Kelly said. "The parents would go off and have their own time, and we would sit and talk about the illness and support each other, and we would watch movies and do fun activities."

Through everything, there was always someone who was there to help her. Her child life specialist.

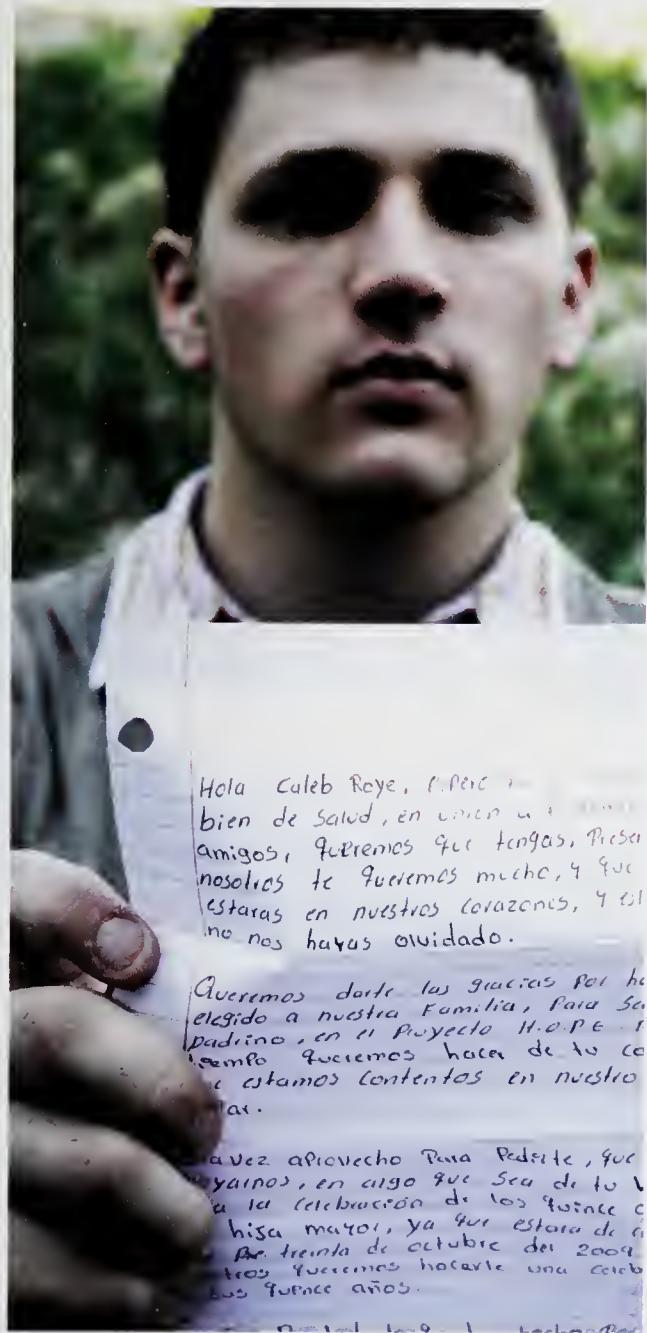
"My child life specialist was awesome and really took her time to help me get





Photo/Courtesy of Caleb Roye
Caleb Roye stands with a Nicaragua family

Park Student Gives Back



Hola Caleb Roye, C.P.E.C. !
bien de salud, en unión a mis
amigos, queremos que tengas, Pesa
nosotros te queremos mucho, y que
estarás en nuestros corazones, y tú
no nos hayas olvidado.

A queremos darte las gracias por ha
elegido a nuestra Familia, Para ser
padrino, en el Proyecto H.O.P.E. y
tempo queremos hacer de lo que
estamos contentos en nuestro
país.

Una vez aprobado para pedirte, que
yarnos, en algo que sea de tu v
a la celebración de los quince c
hisa mayor, ya que estara de
por treinta de octubre del 2009
tres queremos hacerle una cele
los quince años.

Photo/Richard Ashley

By Zach Sellers

Just hearing the word Nicaragua lights up his face. With pictures cycling through the background of his Macintosh computer Caleb Todd Roye recalled the most life-changing experiences. It happened in a way most people have not experienced. Roye made his way to Managua, Nicaragua, summer 2009, and worked with Project Hope. Project Hope stands for Health Opportunities for People Everywhere.

Project Hope, which was founded in 1958, has bases in thirty different countries and continues to grow.

"Project Hope's objectives are to reach out to the communities all around Nicaragua," says Roye. "To build houses and meet the physical needs of the people of Nicaragua as best as they can. To spread the gospel of Jesus Christ to the surrounding communities. To start lasting relationships with the communities that are constant and deep."

The trip was organized through Roye's church director David Patterson.

From Aug. 2-9 Roye worked with other church members to build homes and make



Photo/courtesy of Caleb Roye
Caleb Roye holds Jorliett for a photo

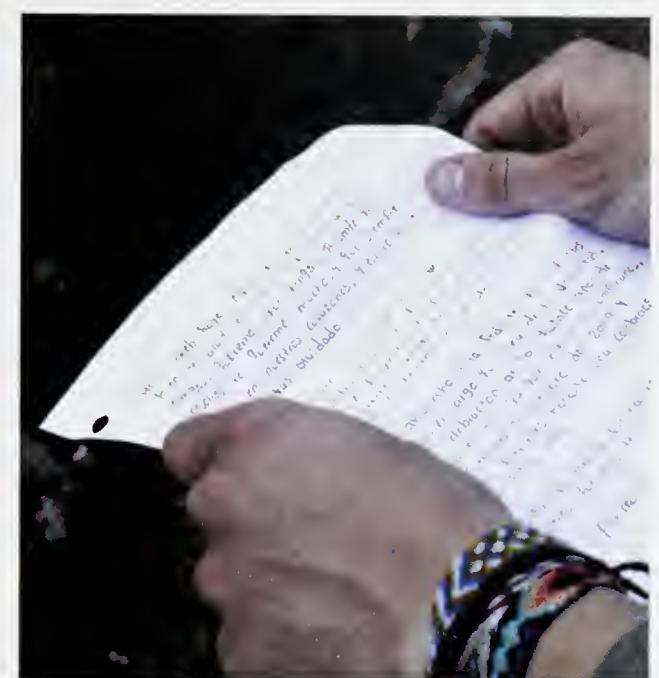
relationships with the people who live in the village there.

While on the trip Roye and others working alongside Project Hope stayed in Managua.

"It was actually incredibly nice," says Roye. "It was not what I expected at all. I was so shocked to the point where I inquired how and why the living conditions were so nice; especially in relation to the conditions of the surroundings. After the bare base was built a few years ago, a woman from a church that was involved with Project Hope approached the director and presented him with a check that was to be used to make the base nice according to her."

Relationships are what Roye took most from the trip, he says.

"There are two parts, more specifically people, that I will remember for the rest of my life," says Roye. "Their names are Jenifer and Jorliett. They are two little girls that I spent my time with while I was working in the village. Jenifer is seven. One specific story I remember about her is an hour long period that I spent with her huddled in a hut during a rain storm. She had two books with her. We sat in the hut for an hour reading together. I have never experienced an experience like the one I had there in that hut. An overwhelming



Photo/Jordan Wandfluh
Caleb Roye reads a letter sent from Nicaragua.

love and affection consumed me. I never wanted to leave that spot. Jorliett is three. She was basically my little girl through the week. She followed me around and played with me in the streets all week. Any time she was crying, she would look at me and stop immediately. I have never felt such an overwhelming love for somebody outside of my family in my life. I will remember those girls for the rest of my life.

Roye says he grew up in a Christian household and he has been involved in some mission projects but none had taken him out of the country. Roye's father has been involved in pastoral ministry his whole life.

"Well, initially I went because I wanted to be out of Blue Springs for the summer," says Roye. "I had never been out of the country and really wanted the experience as soon as the opportunity presented itself. My dad was actually the reason I went on the mission trip. He talked to the project director about the possibility of me going without me expressing any interest in it. I am very grateful for my dad listening to God's voice though I was unaware of His calling."

Although his trip is finished Roye still makes efforts to stay in contact with the people in Managua.

"I still send letters and e-mails to a few of the people I worked with and for in Nicaragua," he says. "I have not received responses from anyone yet. This is most likely because of the poor communication lines between here and there."

Roye says he plans to stay in communication with the natives in Managua and even is planning to return this summer for an unpaid internship with Project Hope.

And he's saved...

by Terrell Dyer,
edited by Austin Bell,
photos by Sherry Hill



“It was
very scary. I
was afraid I was
going to lose
one of my best
friends.”

One Park student's quick reactions save a friend

There are times in life when bad choices result in having to rely on someone else for help. That person could be your best friend or even someone you've never met before.

For Darin T. Price, a marketing and management major at Park University, a quick reaction when a friend had too much to drink resulted in saving his life.

"It was a lot of high school friends hanging out drinking, really, just trying to have a good time," Price said.

"We were at a friend's cabin about 25 minutes away from the nearest gas station, in the middle of nowhere," Price added.

While everyone was having a relaxing night, Price got a weird feeling and took it upon himself to check up on a few friends, including John Smith [name changed].

"I saw him earlier in the bed of the truck taking shots straight from the bottle. I told him to slow down, but he waved me off and said he'd be fine," Price explained.

Smith was underage, and a first-time drinker, which put Price on a high alert and he wanted to watch his friend a little closer.

"I went back 15 minutes later and he didn't look the same. He was pale yellow, and he was laid across the bed of the truck with his head propped against the back window.

"He was unresponsive and his whole body was limp. Even when I shook him and called his name, I got nothing."

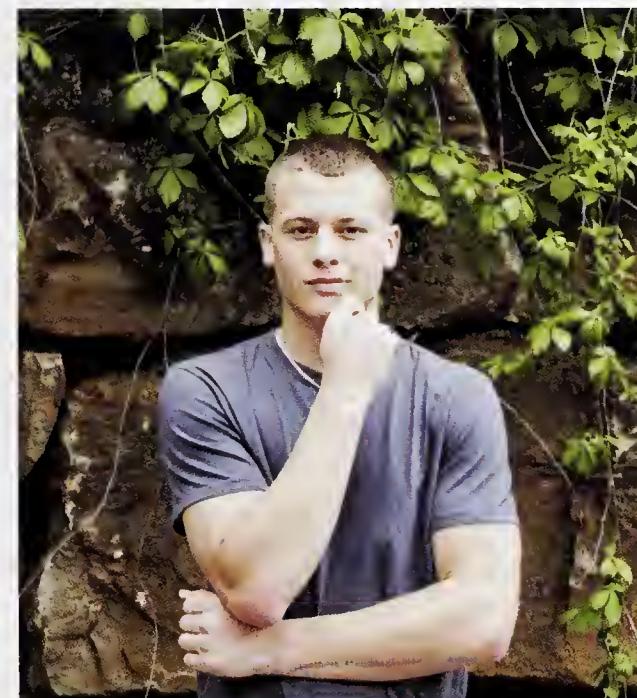
Price had not been drinking that night. He had the responsibility of an early construction job the next morning.

"A hangover while you're working

a construction job isn't fun," Price laughed, "but I was glad I could be there for my friend."

Knowing from past experiences that Smith was in need of more than just rest to sleep off his liquor, the scene caused Price to act fast. Although Smith's heart was beating fast, his palms were sweaty, and perspiration fell down his forehead, Price still made a point to calm everyone down and begin to direct people on what to do.

"The dead weight of him being



unconscious made it difficult for me to carry him myself, so some other friends proceeded to help," Price said.

After the struggle of getting him into the car and still not panicking, Price was able to cut a 45-minute drive to the hospital to 20 minutes.

"I knew the roads; I grew up around there, so I knew them like the back of my hand," Price explained.

"I immediately called his parents. Even though he was grown, I felt like it was the right thing to do in a situation like this," Price said.

With his parents meeting them at

the hospital and Price flying at high speeds to get him there, Smith was still unconscious and unaware of what was happening.

At the hospital the doctors were able to pump the liquor out of him to prevent alcohol poisoning, and refill his body with liquids to help Smith regain his energy. The doctor also said if Price hadn't reacted so quickly, the night would have been tragic.

"It was really hard to tell his parents what had happened," Price said.

"I knew them well. John and I were close friends and he was also younger than me, so I felt bad, especially watching his mom cry," Price added.

Even though his parents were upset about the alcohol that was involved, they were more pleased with how the situation was handled and most of all the lessons learned in the incident. Smith is now an EMT for a fire station.

"That was my first and last time ever drinking," said Smith. Friends and family may joke about it from time to time, but Smith never seems able to crack a smile when he thinks about it.

Anything can happen, to anyone, at anytime. In the heat of the moment heroes are made in the blink of an eye. Although Price says he doesn't feel the need to be called a hero, he says he feels blessed to have been in the position to save a friend.

"It was important for me to do that," said Price, "I was happy that I was the one there to take care of him, because we grew up together. It was very scary. I was afraid I was going to lose one of my best friends."

Student Juggles Baby and Books

By Michelle Oelrichs

Design by Cheyl Burnett

Standing by the kitchen table, checking her Park e-mail on her laptop, while folding a basket of laundry and simultaneously browning a package of meat for dinner, Lauren Jacobsen, a slender 23 year old woman with medium length brown hair which she often wears pulled back into a bun, says she has always been a multi-tasker. But today her layers of tasks keep her busier than ever.

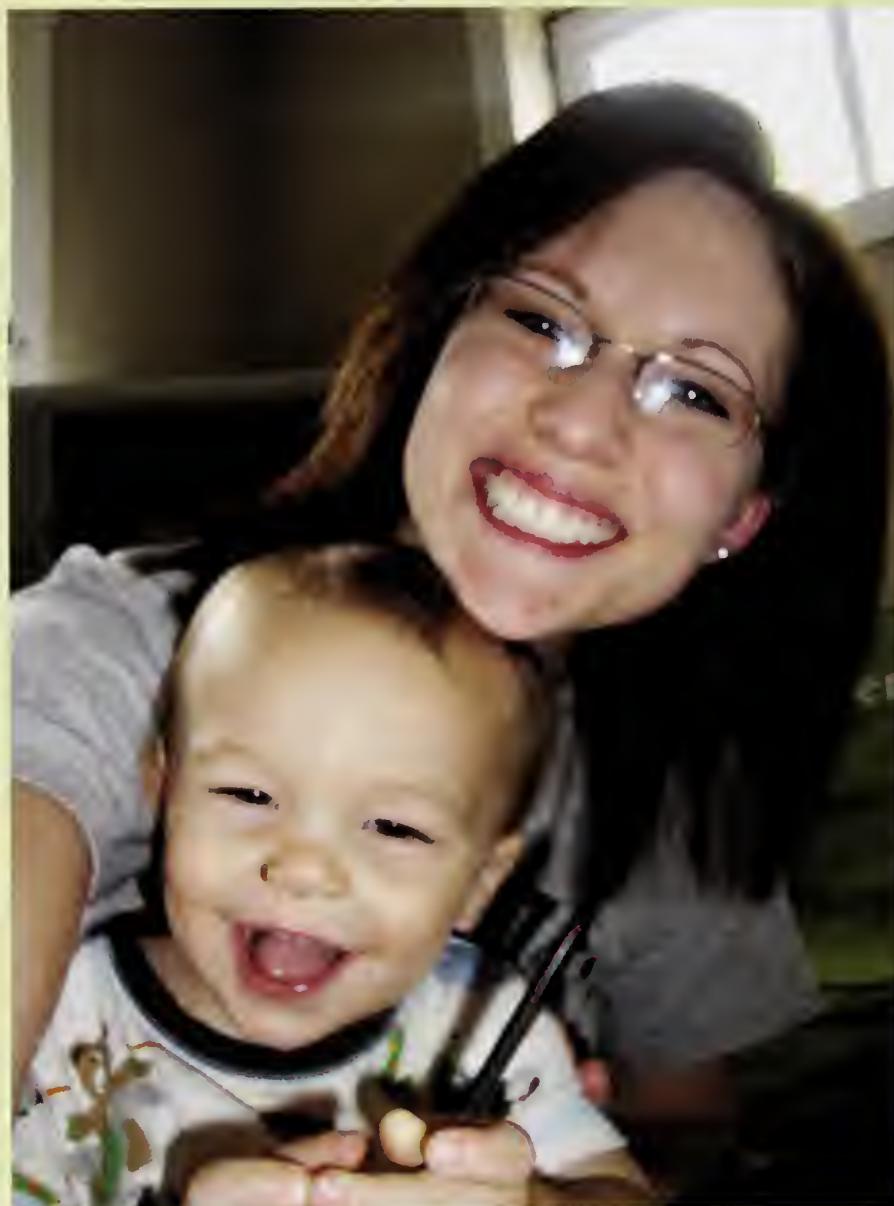
"Gosh I don't even know where to start," Jacobsen says with a big sigh and grin. "My life is definitely more structured now. I have to have a routine, for me and for Cooper. I have to schedule my homework with his sleep schedule, along with cleaning, laundry, and all of the other day-to-day things. If I didn't do multiple things, there would be no way for me to get through my day."

Becoming a single mother of a 13-month-old brown-eyed baby boy named Cooper has been a big change from the life she lived before getting pregnant.

"I had a pretty standard student life," Jacobsen says "I had a one-bedroom apartment that I shared with my boyfriend and worked as a server three or four days a week at Cracker Barrel and a few days a week at Stone Canyon to pay my bills. Usually my friends would come over or we would go out after work and on the weekends. But when I found out I was pregnant, my life was completely different."

She no longer lives the simple life of the typical college student.

"I went to school full-time while I was pregnant,



Jacobsen and Cooper smile for the camera

Photo by Cheryl Burnett

and even took an on-line class the semester I had Cooper," she explains. "After finding out I was pregnant I realized I had to organize my life....and fast."

Jacobsen says she quit drinking and had, fortunately, already quit smoking a month before she got pregnant. While some of the changes in Jacobsen's life were decisions she made for herself and the baby, others were not. Jacobsen says the group of friends she had before getting pregnant are no longer around.

"My friends have changed drastically," says Jacobsen, "the group of friends I had before and the friends I have now are totally different. I don't talk to

anybody, I mean anybody, who I hung out with before because they are still partying and not really growing up and the friends I have now are mature and responsible adults. I have kind of had to manage my way through this myself really, because the friends I had when I got pregnant dropped me. They dropped me because I couldn't party anymore."

Jacobsen lived with Cooper's dad until the baby was born.

"Cooper wasn't a planned pregnancy," Jacobsen says, "and I wasn't about to get married just because I was pregnant. We tried to work

things out, but I ended up moving out after the baby was just a few months old. We still communicate when it comes to our son, and I guess in that aspect I'm lucky. I didn't go through the emotional break-up that some people do, which is good because I hate drama."

In August, Jacobsen moved to a new apartment farther from school but more affordable and nicer for the money. Jacobsen renovated the two-bedroom apartment with the help of her friends and family.

Now embarking on her second semester since having Cooper she described what life is like as she tries to finish school and balance her new family.

"I am going to school full time," says Jacobsen, "and I still have three semesters left and that's taking anywhere from 12-15 credit hours. I could walk next May if I took 18 credit hours next semester but being a single mom that's not logical. I mean, there is no way I could be the mom I want to be and get the grades I want to get."

Although she might have to wait a little longer, Jacobsen is managing her class schedule differently these days in order to meet the demands of her life.

"I take more on-line classes," says Jacobsen "I don't like them but it's easier on my schedule, I don't have to try and find a [baby]sitter for Cooper while I'm in school. I'm also more focused. Before my grades weren't extremely important to me; now I don't want to mess around."

Jacobsen is one of about 14 million single parents in the United States today and of those, 20 percent are college students. Luckily her family



Photo By Cheryl Burnett

offers some support.

"If it weren't for my Dad I would be struggling bad," she says. "He helps me out a lot. I know of several single mothers who are on WIC and welfare, I always said I would never be one of those people taking handouts, but I've realized now that accepting help is not always a bad thing."

Financial help from her dad makes it possible for Jacobsen to go to school full time and only work one night a week. While her dad offers

it. But if there's one thing I've learned when it comes to your child you will do whatever you have to do for them. Failing isn't an option."

Jacobsen says she was fearful of many things when she got pregnant including how people would perceive her.

"I didn't want people to think I was careless and irresponsible," says Jacobsen, "I didn't want the stigma of being a young single mother with no money. But after having Coop I realized that that wasn't really the case, and even if it was I don't care."

'...if there's one thing I've learned when it comes to your child you will do whatever you have to do for them. Failing isn't an option...'

her help in a financial aspect there are some parts of being a grandpa that he doesn't embrace.

"He has never babysat," says Jacobsen, "He has never babysat any of his grandkids and he has four. I think if they got older and they could get themselves something to drink and make themselves a sandwich then it wouldn't matter but the whole diaper and formula things, no"

Jacobsen says being a full-time mother and going to school is a lot to handle and she admires the mothers and fathers who do it on their own. "I don't know how they do

Juggling going to school and being a mother is not the only thing Jacobsen has taken on. She has been dating again.

"I have dated a guy for about ten months now and I have actually known him for a long time," she says. "He has been one of my best friends for like, almost eight years and whenever Dan and I split up, we would hang out on the nights Cooper would go there and then it turned into a relationship."

Jacobsen says she sees a difference in the guy she is seeing now and the kind of guys she dated before she got pregnant.

"In the past I have always dated guys who didn't have their lives together," says Jacobsen, "Guys who would still live at home, in and out of jobs, but now I do notice that the guys I am interested in have better jobs and are more stable because I am consciously thinking about who I am bringing into my son's life."

Jacobsen says she is proud of her son and would never date a guy who couldn't accept him.

"Dating is a little more of an issue," she says. "Guys seem

positive things have come from having a baby.

"Now that Cooper is here," Jacobsen says, "I have goals, and dreams. I want to finish school as soon as possible so I can find a good career and give my child the life and things he deserves. I can't imagine life without him.

Before the baby, my life was empty. Don't get me wrong, I was having fun, but my life had no meaning, no purpose. Now all that has changed, I don't have time for anything else,



nervous when I tell them about my son. I don't ever try to hide the fact that I'm a mother. My son is the most important man in my life, and if someone else isn't ok with that, then we would never have worked out anyway."

Adding a few semesters on to her college career and giving up the single care-free life she used to have are changes Jacobsen has had to learn to live with but she says some

but I wouldn't trade him for anything."

Yet Jacobsen sees little change in her long-term goals, though the sequence has changed some.

"Before my goals were to just graduate school and get a job and get married and have kids. Live happily ever after," Jacobsen laughs. "That's kind of still my plan, but now I have a child."

LAURA CORNETT

SHARES HER HEART

By Alishia Maxwell

Design by Quinn Bixler

At 5 foot you wouldn't expect someone to have such an aura around them. Her warm soothing smile draws you in like a flower and tells you all you need to know. Wearing blue jeans, a striped shirt, and a gray wrap sweater to keep warm, she seems like any other twenty-something woman. Yet it's quite evident after several moments of talking with her, Laura Cornett is a woman with great confidence and convictions, with a heart big enough to change the world one person at a time.

Cornett is a Kansas City native with her roots in the Northland. From childhood she can remember always being a vivid story teller. Growing up with a poetry writing father who was also a children's minister and a free-spirit for a mother, Cornett recalls how much her parents nurtured her creative side and encouraged her early on to thrive with innovative thoughts and not to be afraid to go against the grain.



Cornett strikes poses around campus.
Photos by Michelle Oelrichs.

Cornett's father was a passionate man and that passion displayed outin a love for others and helping the community, she says. He made sure she viewed helping as a way of life. Those experiences sparked something inside her which would later become her life's passion.

"My parents always told me that people are your greatest investment," she says.

Her father, she says, visited families, attempting to get them to come to church and young Laura taggded along. One of these tagalongs was permanently burned into her memory. In this case, they went to a house where the family lived in extreme filth. There were clothes spread all over the house, the children weren't bathed, and the people inside the home were obviously poor.

"These people were beyond physical existence," Cornett recalls, with a glint of sadness in her eye.

Cornett's father made her stay with the family while he took the man of the house to buy groceries. They had nothing to feed the family but bread and a can of beans. The young girl who lived in the home, who Cornett says looked like a ragged Strawberry Short Cake doll, had no idea they were less fortunate.

"They were just so happy to have a guest they brought out their only treat, an ice cream cone with marshmallow in the middle," she says.

Living in a Northland suburb, Cornett speaks of her days going to Park Hill High School and never having encounters with those less fortunate. Thirsting to help others during high school, she transferred to an inner city school to have new experiences and to experience different kinds of people. She remembers living in the Brookside area and making sure her life was a life of service even then.

"Brookside and the Plaza was my stomping ground. I knew all the homeless people in the area," says Cornett.

A true student of life, according to

her journalism advisor, John Lofflin, Cornett amalgamated her desire to help others into her lifestyle. She says she wants to see how the next person, no matter their background, can influence her and help her go beyond her comfort zone.

"My main purpose is connecting and engaging. I always want to know what this person has to teach me," she says.

After high school, Cornett went to school for massage therapy and became a business owner. During that period she felt something was missing and took steps to leave her first profession and seek a profession that chose her early on -- writing.

"I missed telling stories," Cornett explains.



So she packed up the business and headed to Park University to major in public relations, and she graduated last May. Making sure she doesn't forget her roots and what keeps her grounded, Cornett says she still volunteers. She's a student, a mother, a volunteer, and a hero.

Cornett's says her dream job would be to work in peace journalism and aid in other countries but for now

she helps out the people on 12th and Benton at Cherith Brook center. Helping others can create a new way of thinking for anyone, she says. It takes an open mind and heart to help others.

The people are less fortunate in monetary ways but they are people no less and don't deserve to be judged by others, she explains. Cornett has even taken her massage therapy talent to Cherith Brook where they pamper the women for a day.

"Street life is a very very lonely life. I would encourage others to go to Cherith Brook to have solidarity with people who come from a different walk of life," she says, reflecting on the night she spent with the homeless.

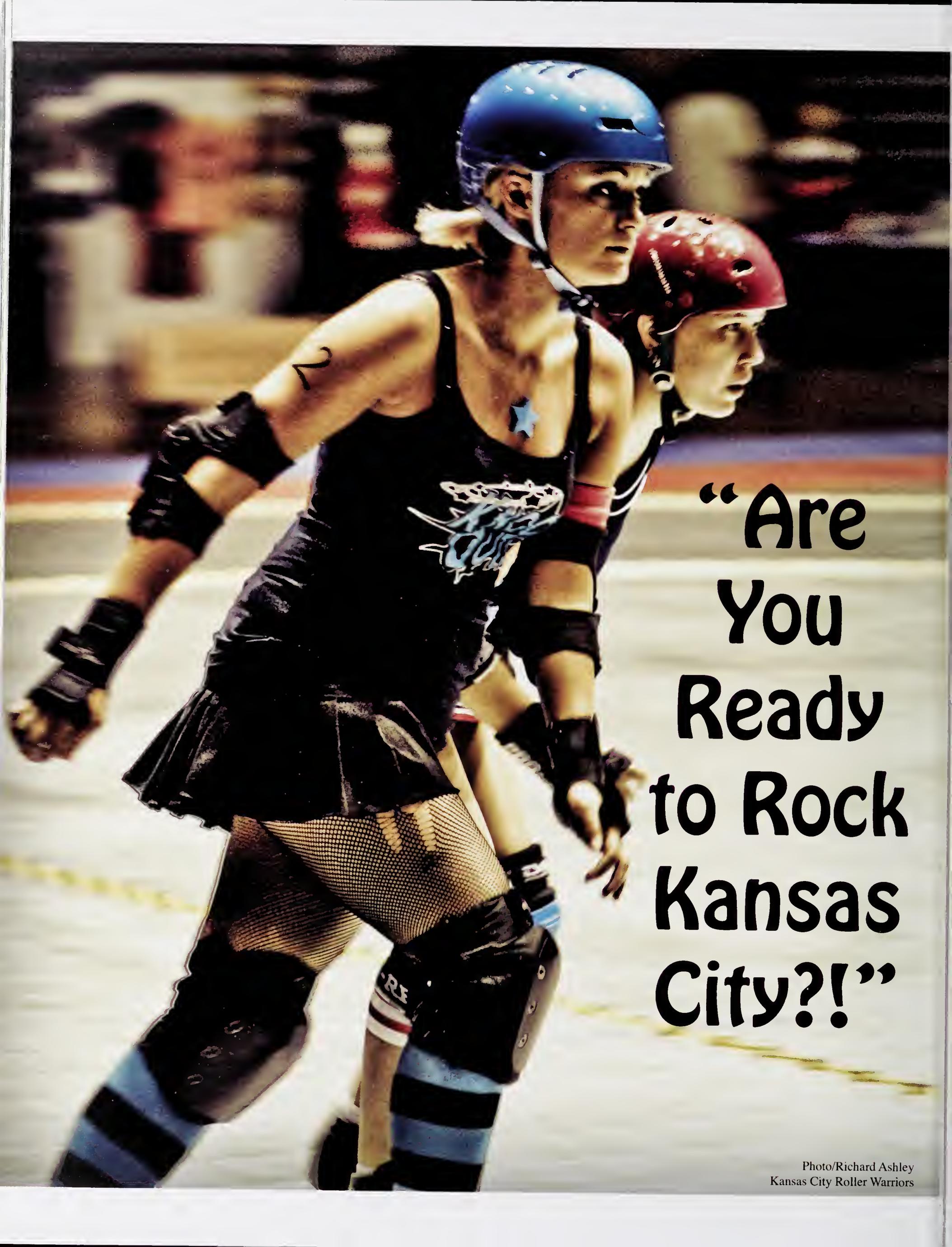
She and others spent the night as if they were homeless on Kansas City's Northeast side. It was an eventful night, one which found her on the wrong end of a handgun. She wrote about the experience in the *Stylus*, the Park University student newspaper.

"The passion, the belief and the understanding," she says, "it serves this place in my heart. It gives me a joy to help and serve."

Cornett admits her first experience was a bit unnerving at Cherith Brook. She had preconceived thoughts about the people, as most people would. But the ill-fitting ordeal was well worth it.

"It's about building a relationship with someone you wouldn't ordinarily build a relationship with," Cornett says. "It's about engaging," she emphasizes with her vivid hand gestures.

Cornett says she would like for others to take what she's learned and apply it so they can build a lifestyle of helping and changing communities. She wants her legacy to be left on Park University as a legacy of hope. The situations on the street drive her ambition and she believes her fellow Park University students would gain life changing lessons from assisting less fortunate individuals.

A dynamic photograph of two female roller derby skaters in motion. The skater in the foreground is wearing a black tank top with a star emblem, black shorts with a blue and white striped knee brace, and a blue helmet. She is looking towards the right. The skater behind her is wearing a red helmet and a black tank top. The background is blurred, suggesting speed and movement.

**“Are
You
Ready
to Rock
Kansas
City?!”**

Photo/Richard Ashley
Kansas City Roller Warriors



Photo/Jordan Wandfluh
Amy Robbins Aka Billie Club

Roller Derby is back! “Are you ready to rock Kansas City?! Are you ready for some Roller Derby?!” D’Nouncer Duane bellows out over the guitar rift of Welcome to the Jungle.

Two teams of five players skate onto the flat surfaced track. These girls are the essence of punk rock. They are dressed in fishnet tights, pleated skirts and tank tops. Make up is splashed on their faces with the look of fierceness in their eyes. Fans are yelling out names like: Billie Club, Dirty Britches, and Audtopsy.

This is no ordinary sports team. Roller Derby is a sisterhood of athletic, dominant girls who will rock your world.

Not just anyone can put a team together. It takes a lot of time, will, and dedication. Not to mention a lot of ridicule. Everyone saying, “You can’t do it! It’s a joke. It’s all fake.” So why do it at all? Why keep pushing for something knowing no one believes in you?

To get the full perspective, you have to go back to 2004 when there were only two Roller Derby teams in the nation: Arizona and Texas and two girls with a big dream: Brooke Leavitt and Mandy Durham.

Leavitt and Durham met at the Kansas

City Art Institute, but the dream had taken a wrong and drastic turn and they were stuck working at the public library in Kansas City, Mo. Confined to a small space with rows and rows of books led them to big ideas.

Brooke Leavitt aka Dirty Britches

Leavitt, Park University student, was born in Leavenworth, Kans on Dec. 18, 1979. When Leavitt was three years old she was severely injured in a school bus accident which left her with one arm. This obstacle has made her who she is today and famous in the Roller Derby industry. After the accident her grandmother became her inspiration. Her grandmother not only shared Leavitt’s birthday but was born without an arm.

“When I lost my arm my parents were like ‘you are going to go see your grandma’,” Leavitt said. “She taught me how to do everything with one arm.”

Leavitt did not let having one arm stop her from doing what she wanted. She was a tough cookie and also an outcast in school.

“I was a punk, nobody liked me,” Leavitt said. “I dyed my hair and made my own clothes. I pierced my cheek with a safety pin during math class. It bled all over the place. I was just a weird kid.”

Leavitt also threw her sister in the closet for 24 hours.

“I tied her up with one hand,” Leavitt said. “And she has two hands and six years older than me!”

Life was a different road for Leavitt. After attempting art school Leavitt wanted to pursue life.

“Before roller derby I was working a nine-to five-job,” she said. “I would come home, sit on the couch, make dinner, watch T.V., and eat Doritos. Nobody cared about my life.”

Flipping through the channels Leavitt stopped on the Dave Latell show. She watched in amazement as girls raced around a track, knocking other girls out, all the while wearing the most punk rock get up.

“Roller Derby what’s that? I started doing research,” Leavitt said. “And I was like I have to do that and I am not moving to Texas to do it so I am going to start it here in Kansas City.”

The Start of Something Big

Leavitt and Durham were soon on a mission. They wanted to be a part of this underground alternate reality. Before they ever heard of roller derby they were stuck on the movie “Fight Club”. They wanted to start a club where women could get together and beat the crap out of each other.

“A cross between Fight Club and American Gladiator,” Leavitt said “But then we saw roller derby and was like, okay, that will work.”

They wanted to have it in Kansas City, so it was up to them to start a league. At the time of this idea there were only the two teams in the nation, Texas and Arizona. They made many phone calls to the teams and figured out how to start their own team. Their creation of Kansas City Roller Warriors was the beginning of an entire movement.

First on the agenda was finding a coach. They needed someone who was going to be tough, but motivated women. John Hernandez went to KCAI with Leavitt and Durham. He was “the” lady’s man and the bumbling big brother. Hernandez also had a repressed sports desire. He was a big sport’s buff who went to an art school. He was perfect.

To recruit members, flyers were distributed throughout town. The flyers had a skeleton plastered in the middle with roller skates on saying, “Want to play derby?”



Photo/Jordan Wandfluh
Billie Club gets ready for The Big Le'Bout'ski



Photo/Jordan Wandfluh
Members of the Knock Outs get ready for the bout



Photo/Jordan Wandfluh
Member of the Knock Outs get half up their poster

"They were crappy flyers," Leavitt said. "In the end it didn't come down to the posters. It was coming to the games and saying, I want to do this."

Six months after the posters were splattered around town they had recruited 10 members. Leavitt and Durham kept on pushing through the obstacles despite not having an actual place to practice. They had to use a parking lot across from the public library. It was in direct sunlight. Rusty nails and broken beer bottles were scattered everywhere. It was a bad part of town. Tetanus shots were required to practice in this parking lot.

"The girls were having heat strokes and exhaustion. People would drive by and laugh," Leavitt said. "We didn't care. If you think you can do it, bring it and try it."

Passersbys thought it was all a joke. They thought Roller Derby was phony, just like wrestling.

Another obstacle they faced was girls dropping like flies. Two out of three girls would start and then drop out. Roller Derby is a time consuming sport especially when you are just starting a team. Practice is three times a week and various meetings are held. Every day of the week you have to dedicate a couple of hours of your time to this sport.

Roller Derby is a part time job, to which a lot of girls did not want to commit. It is an organization run for the skaters by the skaters. The skaters provide everything from the kinds of chairs, rope lights, uniforms and who is refereeing at the bouts. It is not only the time and dedication, but also the courage you have to muster to get thrown around repeatedly.

"You get elbowed in the face, get a bloody nose and a fat lip one night are you going to come back the next day?" Leavitt asked. "A girl will keep slamming you into the ground and you can't get up because she knocks the wind out of you or you break a leg or you twist an ankle. There are broken bones involved and are you going to keep doing it afterwards?"

To make their team more legit and to get their heads in the game each member scrounged up some spare change to rent out Roanoke Community Center to practice on a stable ground. Little did they know it was a chipped up half court gym. The girls kept skating in teeny tiny circles and running into the stage.

It was almost a full year after the initial idea of starting the Kansas City Roller

Warriors before a bout officially took place. Official game rules were not established at the time so their strategies were: if you see a girl hit her, jump on her, trip her or put her in a choke hold. The rules didn't matter.

It was the morning of the game and all kinds of emotions were stirring up in their heads. Fear was on their minds. All they wanted was an audience.

"I just hope mom and dad show up," Leavitt said. "Because this is pretty cool."

Not only did their parents and friends come, the bout was sold out! Winwood Skate Center's maximum capacity is 800 but 1,069 people were in the stands that day. The fire martial eventually showed up because Target had made a complaint. All the cars were causing a traffic violation which was a fire hazard. Only 800 tickets were sold, so the fire martial had to leave without a word since there was no proof of an actual violation.

The first bout was between the two teams they had at the time: Dogfighting Dames vs. The Bionics. The Dogfighting Dames were decked out in sexy military outfits including the brown pleated skirts; imagine the modern day girl scout. The Bionics resembled superheroes. They were dressed in pink Dickies dresses and even had capes to complete the ensemble. Dogfighting Dames was the first team to win on the Kansas City Roller Warriors.

Once the girls got the team off the ground fans started swarming in. People could now see it was a real sports team. They had a legit referee and even a marching band at half time. Fans started telling themselves, "I want to be a roller girl."

Kansas City Roller Warriors could not just have anyone on the team with 50 girls wanting to do roller derby. When the team first started out, if you had roller skates, you were in. At the time no one knew how to really play so they didn't even care if you could skate. After the first bout it was time to get serious.

A tryout consists of a preliminary tryout and a skate clinic. Next, a probation, which means you come to a practice and skate with the existing team members, but you are not on a team yet. This time period shows the teams how dedicated you are. The final step of the tryout process is a draft. The Kansas City Roller Warriors consist of four teams: Black-Eye Susans, Dreadnought Dorothys, Victory Vixens and The Knockouts. The pouring in of

girls wanting to tryout forced the Roller Warriors to create new teams.

Amy Roberts aka Billie Club

Amy Roberts was born on Dec. 12, 1982 and grew up in the small town of Ballard, Mo. She was a rebel even at a young age. When she was three years old her parents took her to the Kansas City Zoo. She had spotted the Spider monkeys cage and desperately wanted to play in the monkey's water.

"Dad had to jump over the fence and snatch me before I could get to it," Roberts said. "I remember being so mad. It was a sad day."

It was September 2006 and Roberts was sitting at home watching the A&E series "Roller Girls".

"I just graduated from college," Roberts said. "I didn't know what the hell I was going to do with myself. I didn't have a job. I was living with my mom. I was like my life sucks. Then I saw this on TV and didn't even know it still existed."

Soon after, she told her boyfriend how intrigued she was by this sport. He found out there was a league in Kansas City and surprised her with tickets. The game was held at Winwood stadium, which is now home to the Kansas City Roller Warriors.

Roberts and her boyfriend sat with the wall to wall packed crowd. She knew after one bout she wanted to be a part of the creation Brooke Leavitt concocted out of thin air. It was mid season so Roberts had to wait to try out. Her boyfriend once again got tickets, but this time it was for the Championship game at Hale Arena. There were 2,500 people in the stands. Recruitment signs kept calling her name.

After the championship game she kept telling all her friends and family she was going to do this. She was going to become a roller derby girl.

"Everyone was like 'Are you crazy?! You don't even know how to roller skate!'" Roberts said. "I hadn't put on roller skates since I was 10 years old for a birthday party. I grew up in the country."

This didn't stop her. She had this boiling desire which would lead her to the top. Before tryouts she went to various skating rinks around the metro area to get comfortable on skates and to learn how to do crossovers.

"Just learning how to skate was hard," Roberts said. "Then to throw in the physical aspect was terrifying and intimidating."

It was the third season when Amy Roberts tried out. Leavitt reveals a little secret.

"You were in the top four," Leavitt said. "The Susans were fighting over you."

Derby Names

A roller derby name defines who you are. To begin searching for a name you must search the roller derby name database. If you want to own and claim your name you have to register it.

"Any good name that you can come up with has already been taken," Leavitt said. "You think you are really creative. But its all been taken."

When the Kansas City Roller Warriors started there were only four leagues in the nation, but now there are over 250 leagues, which means thousands of derby names. Amy had a few names picked out. Her husband was the one who suggested Billie Club, but she had her heart set on Betty Rocker because she has a hidden talent in baking. The night she got drafted on the Knockouts the team captain was saying how much she loved the name Billie Club.

"I was like okay I'll be Billie Club," Roberts said. "And it's always been appropriate."

Dirty Britches, may be Leavitt's name to a lot of fans, but to the ones who intimately know her its just "Dirty" because she is just dirty.



Photo/Jordan Wandfluh
Black-Eye Susans battle it out with the Knockouts



Photo/Richard Ashley

Black-Eye Susans battle it out with the Knockouts

"One time we went to Springfield. We were skating an expo bout," Roberts said. "She pees in a cup and throws it in the bed of a referee that is totally in love with her. She peed in his bed. She just does dirty shit all of the time."

Let's Play By the Rules

Dirty Britches might not play by the rules but there are official rules when it comes to Roller Derby. When the Kansas City Roller Warriors started in 2004 there were no official rules and it was anyone's game. With the rapid movement of Roller Derby the leagues wanted to play against each other but their rules were not the same. WFTDA was soon created. When there were 30 leagues, Women's Flat Track Derby Association started. This association set the rules across the board so leagues could start battling each other.

When playing such an extreme sport you can not rely on rules to keep you safe. There is a particular insurance (USARS) you must carry for Roller Derby along with the standard health insurance.

Hospital bills can get expensive in the world of roller derby. Leavitt has one arm so she has to make up for it by being excessively dirty. But, unfortunately Dirty Britches still can recall a few stories from her roller derby days.

"One time I thought that I broke my thumb," Leavitt said. "That's my only thumb, I can't break it!"

Other derby girls will see Dirty with one arm and take advantage of her weakness by hitting her in the ribs on purpose. To turn this weakness into an advantage, she bought a rib protector and hit them a little bit harder.

The scariest injury Leavitt has ever received was when she had a seizure in Arizona. She had been so severely hit it caused her to suffer a seizure. She was rushed to the hospital as the other girls attempted to finish the game.

The girl who hit Brooke was crowding one of the Knockouts, Patty Wagon. The girl threatened to send Patty Wagon to the hospital next. Patty Wagon kept saying, "Bitch get out of my space" but the girl kept crowding her.

"This girl is not a small woman but she is not a huge woman either," Roberts said. "She leans up and rears back and punches her in the face. She flies up off of her skates three feet in the air! Patty Wagon is a Kansas City police officer who is also a boxer."

Leavitt woke up in the hospital with Patty Wagon sitting next to her. Leavitt gave her a puzzled look.

"I got kicked out of the game because I was defending you," Patty Wagon said. "Bitch said she was going to send me to the hospital next and I wasn't going to let her so I punched her in the face."

Thankfully Billie Club has been more fortunate. The only injury she has faced

was when she was attending a speed skating practice. She was sprinting laps in a long line of girls and the one in front of her clipped her skate. She supermaned forward and busted her chin and elbows on the floor. She walked around looking like an abused woman for two weeks.

Roller girls wear bruises with pride. It is a part of who they are. It may be a different lifestyle, but when you dedicate so much of your time to an alter ego it is more than just a game. There is no balancing real life with derby.

"I find myself constantly thinking about a big game coming up or one that has just happened," Roberts said. "I will be at work or watching a movie and my mind will go there. It takes time and experience to find that balance. I'm not sure if I ever will."

It can get aggressive. With 80 women with intense personalities, there will be drama, but these girls form a sisterhood. Despite if you win or lose everyone goes out for a beer afterwards. The tradition is: the winning team buys the losing team a beer so everyone can drink the pain away. This group is a unique mix of teachers, scientists, college kids, and housewives all coming together to try to achieve an aggressive outlet for women.

In today's society the expectations for women are different from men. Women have the potential to be aggressive in everything they do if given the proper outlet.

"Too many times if a woman is

aggressive in the work force or at home she is labeled as “butch” or a “ball buster” or even a “bitch,” Roberts explains. “With roller derby, women are allowed to be tough and fierce without the derogatory labels. We are in a sense idolized for our aggression. I think that it has a lot to do with us balancing the aggression and intensity with an over compensation of femininity.”

Men have tried to roller derby, but many women think it comes off as a joke. Men cannot stand to watch girls excel and be successful in a sport without trying to dominate them says Roberts.

A roller derby girl is dominating and extroverted, unlike men’s derby. It is owning who and what you stand for. It shows people you can do what you want and not let anyone tell you what to do. You walk away from derby with a sense of a stronger being and self confidence. These girls are your support team, lifelong friends. If it wasn’t for roller derby Dirty Britches and Billie Club would not have created such a strong bond.

“I buy the girls strippers, pull them out of bar fights, bail them out of jail,” Leavitt said. “And are there to squeeze their hands when they’re in labor having beautiful babies.”

There comes a point when roller derby comes to an end, but friendship will last long after.

“I didn’t want to break any more bones,” Leavitt said. “Do I want to be 50 and be able to walk up a flight of steps and stand up straight and bend my knees when I need to?”

But roller derby will forever live on. People will continue sitting floor to ceiling. Fans will continue standing on their feet for these girls and screaming their names. The roller derby girls will continue telling themselves:

“Wow, I actually exist in this world, you know,” Brooke said. “I went from nonexistent; sitting at home watching TV on my ass, to someone who has people cheering for you to do something cool.”

“I buy the girls strippers, pull them out of bar fights, bail them out of jail,” Leavitt said. “And are there to squeeze their hand when they’re in labor having beautiful babies.”

-Brooke Leavitt



Photo/Jordan Wandfluh
Victory Vixons practice before The Big Le’Bout’ski



Brooke Leavitt and Amy Roberts before a bout.
Photo/courtesy of Brooke Leavitt



Be the
change you
want to
see in the
world.

-Mahatma Gandhi

Twins: Finding **your** path... *times two*



CORDELL AND KYLE EBY,
ONCE UPON A TIME...

By Sara Moore

College is your time to shine, find yourself and become an independent person, but for students who are twins, the identity issues may be a double tough.

Twins sometimes live their lives in each other's shadows. They can be a pair treated as one.

Picking a college isn't the only decision twins face but it becomes an important point of departure. They must decide whether or not to stay with their twin or branch out on their own. Many advisors suggest twins separate in college so they can shine on their own and let their unique personality come out. It's a time for them to learn how to be an individual.

But some twins don't want to separate. Being their best in school means being happy together.

For Eric Whitney this was never a decision he had to make.

Eric moved to Parkville, Mo., from Maine to attend Park University. His fraternal twin, Ryan stayed in Maine and is attending the University of Southern Maine. In a way, Eric says he left to have his own life, new experiences and environment.

"I thought if we separated early it would be a little easier," he said. Enjoying their first glimpse of freedom they give each other space only talking when necessary, not much on the phone and a little on Facebook. Eric goes home during breaks.

Was it hard for him to leave his twin? He gets a big grin and says, "Not really. We get along but we have our times."

Was Ryan was his best friend? He gets a puzzled look to his face, "Friends, that's

tough," he said. "I consider him family, but a close friend? Maybe not. I am a little more sociable than him. I grew up with him so he is family."

They had the same friends growing up and share interests like music but Eric says he is more open minded than his brother.

"We are somewhat similar for the most part but have differences that make us unique," he says. One similarity they do not share though is majors and careers. Eric is a business major with an emphasis in marketing. Ryan was originally a communications major but is now looking into law.

Being a fraternal twin means they do not share the same DNA, although a fair amount of fraternal twins do look a lot alike. "You can definitely tell we are related but not twins," he said. The main

differences are eye color and Ryan is six inches taller than Eric.

Fraternal twins occur when two separate eggs are fertilized and carried at the same time, sharing at most 50 percent of their DNA. Identical twins on the other hand share 100 percent of their DNA. They are essentially the exact same person. Some doctors refer to it as a birth defect that is not harmful, the spontaneous phenomenon in which one fertilized egg splits in half and becomes two.

There is no answer to why the split occurs. It's not hereditary and does not skip generations. Fraternal twins do tend to run in families but can happen out of the blue. One interesting fact about fraternal twins is they seem to occur at a higher rate in "lands of plenty," according to the *New York Times*.

The article, which appeared in August, 1998, discusses a study which found fraternal twins occur more frequently where natural resources are easily attainable. Only mothers who have the nutrition to nourish two babies have fraternal twins. In places like Africa and Asia nearly all twins born are identical. The highest number of twins per capita can be found in Finland's archipelago of Aland and Aboland.

THE SIBLING RIVARY

If you have a sibling you know what this is all about. No matter how well you get along at some point it is going to happen and age is normally a factor. Eric is the oldest of the Whitney twins by a minute.

"When it came to fights being older was a little bit of a factor," he said. "I'm older.....I'm taller," and on and on it went. Most of the time it was over the television remote or the front seat. They've had the usual sibling arguments but have never come to blows. Unfortunately, not all brothers can say the same.

For Cordell Eby and fraternal twin Kyle, the fights have turned to the fists, but only a few times.

"We have an unspoken agreement that we won't hit each other like that but we have gotten like that a couple of times when we get real mad," Cordell says.

Just like Eric and Ryan Whitney, Cordell and Kyle are as different as night and day, Cordell says. Kyle, the oldest by 10 minutes, is three or four inches shorter than Cordell, who is lean and has curly hair. Just like the Whitney twins, the first born is the smaller of the two.



Cordell, a freshman at Park University, is a criminal justice major. Kyle is a civil architecture major at the University of Missouri Science and Technology in Rolla Mo. Cordell explains some of their differences.

"He is a lot smarter than I am in the sense that he can go through school without opening a book," he says. "It's not as easy for me but I have a lot more common sense than he does. He makes decisions without thinking." Cordell was on the Park University Dean's List for Spring 2010.

"I am a lot more laid back than he is," Cordell says. "He always has to be doing something." When Kyle comes home he always complains about how boring they all are. To keep things lively he turns anything and everything into a competition.

"He is competitive with everybody with everything," Cordell explains. "I am only competitive with him. Everything we do is a competition -- when we wrestle -- everything." But no matter how much they fight or how competitive Kyle is they always get along.

The "I'm the oldest" bit played a small role in their fights when they were little, Cordell recalls, but not much any more. "When we were little he bragged about being older but I'm taller and bigger," he says.

THE SPLIT

Unlike Eric and Ryan, college was not the first time Cordell and Kyle had been apart. When they were seniors their family moved. Cordell went to high school in the new district but Kyle stayed at their old

school to play soccer. It was the first time in 16-plus years they were apart.

"We did everything together....I mean everything," Cordell says. "We even had the same friends."

The split made the transition to college easy. If they had not gone to different schools their senior year would they had chosen the same college?

"It's possible," says Cordell, but he adds he doesn't think they would have. "He is interested in a lot of different stuff. He always wanted the college experience, dorm life away from home."

Cordell picked Park because he could live at home, not have any bills, and, thanks to an academic scholarship, his tuition is free. Luckily for their parents, Kyle also got a scholarship. A Bright Flight academic scholarship gives him almost a full ride. Saving for college is not easy and saving for two at the same time is double difficult. Some Universities recognize this stress and some offer help including scholarships and reduced tuition.

THE CONS

"One of the hardest things is that you are identified with your sibling. I'm not Cordell, I'm Kyle's twin. People expect us to be alike but we're not," Cordell says. "We're the Eby twins. We're invited to everything together. I think that's the hardest part."

"I like being a twin," he explains. "But I like being different. Identical twins are genetically the same. I think about being one and I think I would hate it. I wouldn't like being exactly the same as someone else." Finding individuality as a twin is hard. Little

do they know it's something their parents have already thought about before they were even here.

Jeremy Everts is in his first year at Park. He is a broadcast major by day and father of seven every second of the day. Number five and six are a set of fraternal boy-girl twins, Xander (Zander) and Olivia. Jeremy and his wife wanted names that kept them together as twins but didn't rhyme or have the same initials many parents chose.

"It's X's and O's," he said. "It was my wife's idea. We wanted them to have as much individuality as possible. Something they could talk about later in life but give them personalities."

THE INITIAL SHOCK

When a couple finds out they are pregnant they start thinking of a name, not two. They look for a crib, not two, and they wonder how their lives are going to change with a new addition, not two. So what is it like when the doctor finds two heart beats, not one?

Super Bowl Sunday, 2007, Jeremy's wife was seven weeks pregnant. She began cramping and decided to go to the hospital. Once she was admitted they took her back to have an ultrasound. The nurse took a look and said, "everything looks fine with both."

"Both!" they said at the same time. Jeremy remembers just standing there in shock. His wife is a nurse and they already had four kids so they knew what an ultrasound was supposed to look like. He remembers looking at the screen, seeing two circles and the expression on his wife's face. She looked to him and said, "There are two circles." But it just didn't seem real, not even after the nurse confirmed it.

How long did it take for double reality to sink in?

"Literally until they were born," he said. "At times it was more real than others, but I don't know if I could say I was ever prepared. You think, 'ok twins, that's two diapers at once, two bottles...' but you never think one will get sick or both might be profusely vomiting all night long."

"Taking care of twins isn't any different if you can handle the schedule and they are

'ONE OF THE HARDEST THINGS IS THAT YOU ARE IDENTIFIED WITH YOUR SIBLING. I'M NOT CORDELL, I'M KYLE'S TWIN. PEOPLE EXPECT US TO BE ALIKE BUT WE'RE NOT ... WE'RE THE EBY TWINS. WE'RE INVITED TO EVERYTHING TOGETHER. I THINK THAT'S THE HARDEST PART...'

-- CORDELL EBY

good to you," Jeremy explains. "I learned to sleep short hours and drive quickly. I'm always on the go."

When he takes them out he is surprised by how many people don't realize they are twins. People will ask how old they are and when he has just one answer they say, "Wow, twins, I couldn't do that." He laughs now but thinks to himself, "I was probably one of those people."

TWO OF EVERYTHING

Do you really need two of everything? "No, it's just twice as much fun," he says. "You need two car seats and two receiving blankets." They originally bought two cribs and sold one shortly after bringing Xander and Olivia home. He had one together and figured they were so small they would be fine for a while.

"I would go to the crib and they would be holding each other," he recalls. "body to body, like in a fetal position." After seeing that he knew they would always sleep together and still do at two years old.

Jeremy understands it is important to spend time with each of them but finds it difficult with two.

"I worry I will neglect one," he says. "I am always monitoring myself." He spends a lot of time playing with them but they need their own time as well.

"When one is napping I will take the other to the gas station or the grocery store," he says. "There is this stigma that they don't function well when they are not together," he says, but he hasn't found it to be true.

They do things on their own just like any other kids but if one is not around when it is time to do something the other sets out to find the twin.

"If dinner is ready and Xander isn't around Olivia will go searching for him," Jeremy says. "*Ander, as she calls her brother, "where are you? It's time to eat,*" says Olivia as she walks through the house looking for him.

They never want the same thing at the same time. "They both come to me and one wants a sandwich and one wants a cup," he

says. So who gets what they want first? "We always use the gentlemen's rule," he says. "Ladies first." Other than that, they share. "We share a lot," he says. He and his wife try to teach them sharing is fun. They take turns watching their cartoons, because, of course, they don't like the same ones, and if there is only one of something they split it.

THE TWIN TALK

Twins have been known to engage in what is known as twin talk, a language that is uniquely their own and only they can understand.

"We didn't really experience the twin babble," Jeremy said. His twins are just starting to talk with each other and everyone else. "They would grunt and babble to each other but all kids do that."

"Kinda," Cordell says. "We always had to talk. We had things that only we would know, inside talk. We sometimes knew what the other one was going to say, but anyone who spends a lot of time with another person does that." He admits it doesn't happen as much now when they are apart.

There is no scientific data that supports twin telepathy.

"We don't have the telepathy so to say, and we don't finish each others sentences," says Eric about his twin Ryan. He doesn't recall having their own language or ever hearing his parents talk about it.

'YOU JUST DO...'

Raising twins can be a challenge but for Jeremy Everts, it's just a fact of life. When people say, "I don't know how you do it," Jeremy wants to say, "I don't know how you don't."

Having twins is just like anything else, he reasons. It is a part of life and you figure out how to deal with it.

"How do you survive in a war torn country? You just do," Everts says. "You hope at the end of the day you've had some fun and laughed a little. I'm not trying to compare twins to war but...," and he laughs.

EDITOR'S NOTE: SARA MOORE IS, HERSELF, MOTHER OF TWINS.



Damage control

By Adam Shupe

Deception

Deception is one of the most important characteristics of a pitcher. It's what allows those who don't have the 95 mph fastball in their repertoire to still take advantage of hitters. Pitchers are continually altering their arm angles, pitch speeds, and deliveries in an attempt to deceive the hitters. Deceiving hitters was never a problem for former professional pitcher and Park Pirate, Adam Clay.

Clay's quirky motion and sub-marine three quarters delivery helped him dominate opponents during his career at Park. His dreams of becoming a professional baseball player materialized when he signed after the 2005 season with the Kansas City T-Bones, of the Independent Northern League.

Only three years into his professional career, playing for the Edinburg, Texas Coyotes of the Independent United League, Clay's deception was paying dividends both on and off the field. While Clay was successfully handling opponents on the field though, his body was deceiving him. Groin pains,

which started as slight discomfort, forced Clay to consult his doctor to check on a possible sports hernia.

"It came about when I was down in Texas playing in 2007 during the season. I had a lot of pain like in my stomach region and stuff. I just didn't think anything of it," said Clay as the bottom of his designer jeans rest atop a pair of spotless all white Nike Shox. "(The pain) stayed there for a couple of hours then would go away, and come back a couple weeks later.

But once I got back from Kansas City in September I started coaching at Park, doing my offseason conditioning. I felt it a little more and it kept progressing and progressing. So I went to the doctor and he wanted me to get checked out. They did an ultrasound and a cat scan, and they ended up finding a lump. He just broke it to me you know... 'We are pretty sure it's cancerous.'"

In September of 2007 Adam Clay was diagnosed with stage two testicular cancer.

Composure

While deception is a valuable tool to have on the mound, composure is essential. Deception doesn't always work. Many

hitters in the game aren't so easily deceived. If it's their talent, their phenomenal knowledge of the strike zone, or whether it is their endless hours of studying tendency charts, is up for debate. Deception isn't a flawless tool. Every pitcher finds themselves in tough spots now and again. This is when a pitcher will step off the mound, take a deep breath, compose themselves, and attack the next hitter as if nothing had happened.

Clay was 24 when he was diagnosed with testicular cancer, just three years out of college and a baseball career ahead of him.

"I mean I love baseball," said Clay, his words flowing freely from the lips of his infectious smile. "I planned on playing until my arm gave out. That's what I told myself. I'll play until I'm 40 as long as my arm holds up and I'm still able to pitch, I'll play."

With cancer staring him in the face, Clay could think about only one thing, getting back on the field.

The success he so diligently worked for on the field though had been stripped from him. Clay said he knew he had the tools to overcome this obstacle in life. He acquired them while battling countless innings atop the mounds of baseball fields across the

country. No tool was more important than composure.

"I knew I was going to make it through," said Clay. "There are other athletes who had the same thing who made it through like Lance Armstrong. I mean, he had it worse than me, he was at stage five. I was at stage two. To see where he came from and where I was at, I knew I could beat it and get back out on the field."

Composure was nothing new to Clay. He stood up to this adversity in life the same way he had faced his worthy opponents, complete composure. Many people crumble when the game is on the line, Clay had the strength to overcome obstacles, his parents and siblings lacked that strength when they found out the news.

"They were... they were pretty down," said Clay. "Me being their oldest child (they) never would have thought anything like this would happen. Like there's been cancer in the family before, but (they) never thought this could happen to their own child.

I just told them they need to relax, you know, and take it day by day and things will work out for the best."

With a solid support team of family and friends, Clay turned to Park University Head Baseball Coach Cary Lundy for guidance as well. His journey back to the baseball field would surely be marred with hospital trips and painful procedures.

"The first person I called was Coach Lundy, cause he's helped me out so much with my career in baseball," said Clay. "I called, it was tough on him, one of his former players going through cancer, but he was there for me."

Clay began treatment as quickly as possible. The first step was surgery, more uncharted territory for Clay, whom had never encountered an injury before.

"It was a little scary, they put you out of course, but still just thinking about what could go wrong during surgery," said Clay. "How am I going to feel when I wake up? I mean it wasn't that bad and I was up walking two days later."

The first step of the process had gone as



planned. A successful removal of Clay's testicle in November of 2007. The next step was not as promising though. Clay began his chemotherapy on December 1, 2007, when he was informed that the cancer had spread to his lungs and lymph nodes.

"It was way tougher (chemotherapy) than the surgery," said Clay. "They found it spread after the cat scan but the doctors assured me that doing chemo would kill it. I was confident. It drains you because the chemo kills all good and bad cells. I didn't feel like eating."

When Clay walked into the doctor's office four months earlier he weighed in at 225 pounds. After completing chemotherapy Clay had shrunk to 185 pound, losing 45 pounds.

Clay completed his fourth and final treatment of chemotherapy on February 25, 2008. Although the cancer had taken a grand toll on his body, Clay made a complete recovery. Now he could turn his attention to what he wanted, spring training.

Control

All pitchers are obsessed with control. They need to feel as if they are in total control of the game, as if everything depends on what they do. They have the ability to shutdown an opposing hitter, and an opposing team solely on how well they control their arsenal of pitches. Clay dominated his competition in college and had taken control of his baseball career.

Rewind eight years to his high school days. Clay's career got off to an auspicious start.

"I got cut my sophomore year, junior year I stayed with it and made the team," said Clay. "Really my baseball career took off my senior year of high school. We ended up going to state and I got some offers to go play college. I ended up signing to play baseball with Maple Woods Community College here in Kansas City."

Even though Clay was a four year started at quarterback for Oak Park his passion for baseball was the overriding factor when finding a college.

"It was a little bit better opportunity to go pro, sign a professional contract," said Clay. "Football's a little tougher. I wouldn't say there are a lot more people to compete with than in baseball, I just saw an easier path to go to a higher level in baseball."

Clay chose to pursue his dreams of professional baseball with the help of his former catcher.

"My catcher in high school signed there (Maple Woods CC), but they didn't have any scholarship money left when I went down so I walked on, I just wanted to play," said Clay. "There were a lot of guys from the Kansas City area that were playing at Maple Woods. I decided to just walk on and give it a shot and I ended up making the team and getting a scholarship my second semester. I was the closer there for two years."

Maple Woods allowed Clay to jump into both a collegiate lifestyle and competition on the field. After a successful two years at Maple Woods, along with a successful start to his Ban Johnson summer league career, Clay earned a scholarship from Lundy.

While at Maple Woods served as a great place to begin his career, Park was even a better fit for the end of his college career. Clay, a criminal justice major, anchored the Pirates pitching staff. In the two years Clay was at Park he led the Pirates in appearances (39), games started (27), wins (16), innings pitches (162.1), complete games (14), shutouts (5), saves (6), strikeouts (168), and batting average against (.208).

With a laundry list like that to put on his

'I don't really think about the cancer that often... I have checkups every two months, but that's about it. Baseball?.... Every day, I think about it every day. Going to the field knowing I can't play is really tough, but I stay positive and I know I can continue on with baseball some other way...'

resume it wasn't long until someone came knocking. The Kansas City T-Bones offered Clay a contract to pitch in relief.

"The day I signed my professional contract was the biggest achievement of my career," said Clay. "Next was my first outing in professional baseball with all my family and Coach Lundy there, pitching in front of 10,000 people. It was a huge thrill.

I was kind of a mop up duty guy with the T-Bones; I was the only rookie on the pitching staff. They just put me in when we were winning or losing big. There were a couple times when I went in during game-tied situations and stuff, but I was just excited to be there and play pro ball."

After Kansas City, Clay's journey took off. He moved onto Columbia, playing for the now defunct Mid-Missouri Mavericks in August of 2005. A year later his travels took him to Rio Grande Valley, Texas to play for the Harlingen White Wings of the United League. Finally in July of 2007, Clay ended up with the Edinburg Coyotes.

Edinburg, Texas provided a bountiful backdrop for Clay. With warm weather and a supportive fan base Clay enjoyed his time in Edinburg. His statistics reflected his attitude. Clay went 4-1, in relief for the Coyotes, with a 3.00 ERA and 60 strikeouts in 70 innings pitched.

After the 2007 season Clay lost control, a pitcher's nightmare. He can make the perfect pitch but an unexpected hop, a bad read off the bat, or pure luck can turn a sure out into a disaster, such is the nature of the game.

"It's tough I mean, it's just.... It's tough," stuttered Clay. "I knew I couldn't control it, it's just something that

do was inform his teammates and manager Vince Moore.

"It was a little hard you know, I didn't know how he was gonna take it," said Clay in a local interview with an Edinburg television station. "Vince is a guy, you can tell him anything and he understands you know. I told him I didn't know if I was going to be ready, he was kinda down because I played for him the last two years, but I told him I'm gonna beat it and I'll be there for spring training."

"His character (got him through)," said Moore in the interview. "The way he was raised and he just has that fire and that attitude to whatever he wants to do – he's gonna strive to do it."

Clay made good on his promise to his manager and rejoined the team during spring training. Spring is the time of the year for newfound life. Trees beginning to burst with color from blooming buds, and everyone's favorite team, good or bad, are tied for the division lead. Clay took the old saying "hope spring eternal" to heart. It just so happened that this spring gave hope to the continuation of his pro career.

Most of his teammates and opponents had been training since December for their upcoming season. Around the same time, Clay didn't have that luxury; instead he had just begun chemotherapy and was still fighting for his health. Four month of chemotherapy left Clay with only about a month to regain the weight and strength he had lost.

"It was tough, just trying to do the same stuff," said Clay. "All my muscle mass was gone. I was just pretty much starting all over again. My velocity was down, my arm strength, my leg strength, all of it was down."

You know it's just like starting all over again. Mentally it was tough just being out there on the field. It's like, wow how do I get these guys out now that I have less velocity and less control compared to last time?"

The stresses of his health along with questions about his ability led to a disappointing start to Clay's season. He compiled 1-3 record with



a 6.62 ERA in 17.2 innings of work. Clay took back control of his health, but it came at an immense cost. He retired from baseball shortly after the start to the 2008 season.

Desire

It is the most notable aspect of a pitcher's makeup. After blowing a lead or giving up a mammoth homerun many pitchers will take a hesitant glance over to the dugout to see if the manager is coming. A quick peek at the bullpen from a pitcher in distress should make alarms go off in the heads of upcoming hitters. The pitcher at that point is hopeless; he's lost his fight, his desire.

Baseball is a game that constantly reveals player's desire. Whether they hustle out a groundball, race to back up a play, or tell the coach to give them the ball when the game is on the line. It's a craving for excellence that doesn't come from a crazed coach or encouraging teammates, it comes from within.

It comes from endless hours of playing whiffle ball on a summer day with the neighbors as the sun slips beneath the horizon. It's playing a game of catch with your dad as the scent of fresh cut grass travels from below your feet into your nose. It's being cut from your high school team, but coming back for more anyway. It's walking on to a junior college team simply because you "just want to play."

Clay spent the majority of his 24 years with a baseball in his hand. Jim Bouton said it best in his 1970 novel *Ball Four*: "You see, you spend a good piece of your life gripping a baseball, and in the end it turns out that it was the other way around the whole time."

Clay's desire is what transformed him into a professional pitcher. When his career was derailed with cancer his longing to get back on the mound is what helped him get through it.

"I don't really think about the cancer that often," said Clay. "I have checkups every two months, but that's about it. Baseball?....



Every day, I think about it every day. Going to the field knowing I can't play is really tough, but I stay positive and I know I can continue on with baseball some other way. I got a few calls this spring, I got a few more opportunities (to play), but I had to turn them down. It was tough to say no."

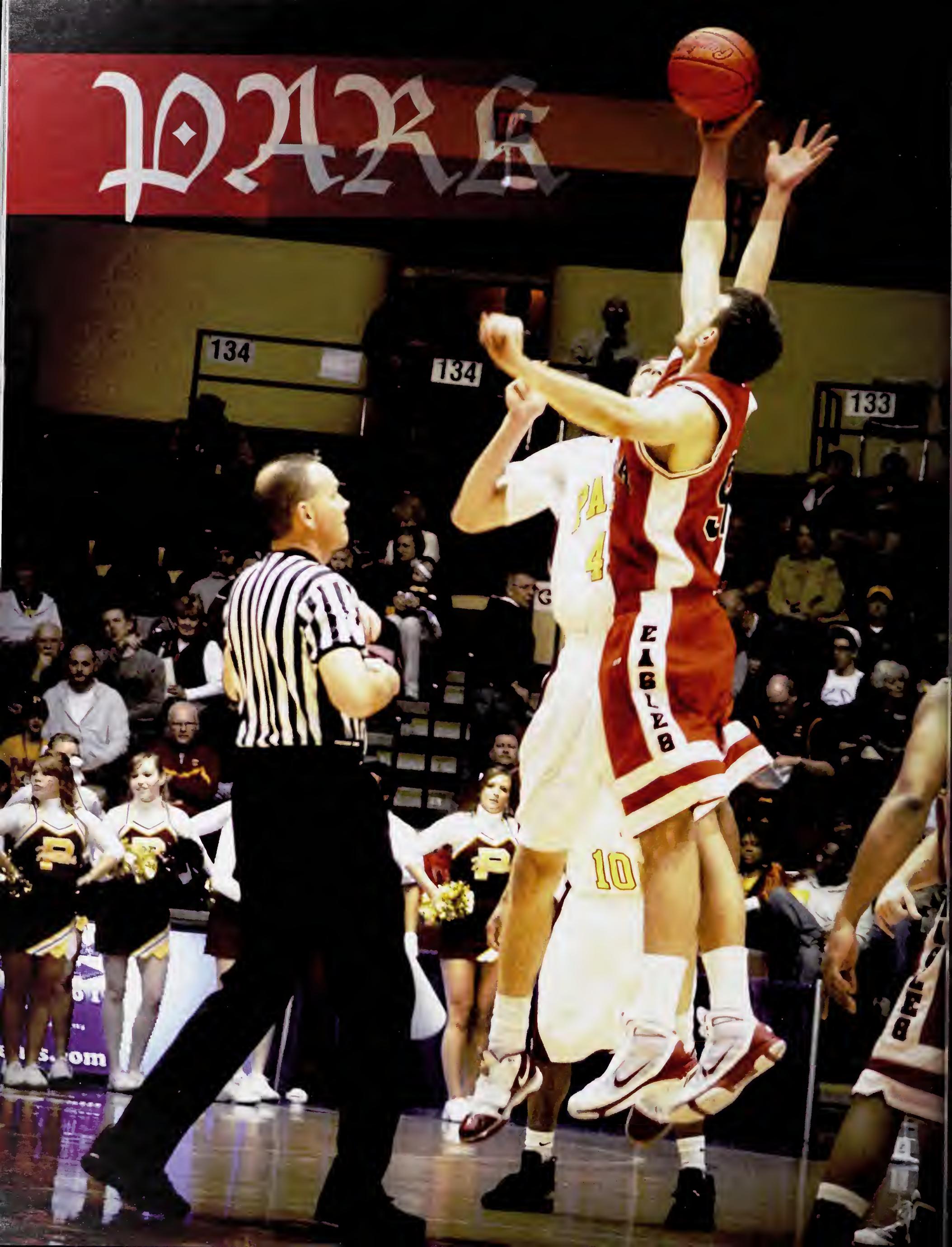
Clay realized that his dream of making it to the big leagues as a pitcher was over because of his bout with cancer. As the desire continued to burn within him though, he turned his focus to making it to the majors in a different way.

"I want to do something else to involve baseball to get there, coaching or scouting that sort of thing," said Clay."

Clay has continued to pursue his coaching dreams as an assistant at Park University and acts as head coach for a Ban Johnson team. He has also become a telecommunications entrepreneur.

A successful pitcher, at any level, must use these four tools (deception, composure, control, desire) as ammunition during the war of attrition between the two white lines. Clay, a successful pitcher at every level, had to learn to use them outside of those lines. It's the mentality of any relief pitcher, to be put in the toughest spot possible and still make it out unscathed. Clay was only doing what any coach would ask of a reliever-- damage control.





Pirates





Park teams go 129-115-2 on the season, send seven runners to the NAIA National Meet, Coach English inducted into Hall of Fame

By Adam Shupe

The 2009 – 2010 seasons proved another success for the Park Pirates’ athletic department. Nowhere was success more evident than when Park University’s winningest basketball coach, Claude English, now university athletic director, was inducted into the McLendon Minority Athletics Administrators Hall of Fame. English received the award June 23 in Anaheim, Calif.

The men’s basketball team started slow, but gained momentum and returned to the Buffalo Funds NAIA Division 1 Men’s Basketball National Championship for the first time since 2007. After a first round victory, they fell to No. 6 Biola 80-64. The Pirates were lead by senior Herschel Rodgers, from Lansing, Mich. Rodgers was named a third team All American in the NAIA. Rodgers averaged 15.3 points and 7.2 rounds per game, both of which were team highs.

The 2009-2010 campaign marked the final season for women’s basketball coach Joe C. Meriweather, as he resigned at the end of the season. The Lady Pirates compiled a 5-25 record, but received multiple individual postseason awards. Sophomore Forward Dominique Hayes and junior forward Hilary Walker were both named to the 2009-10 AMC All-Conference team. Hayes, who averaged a team high 12.3 points and a team high 8.4 rebounds per game was named to the AMC First-Team, while Walker was named to

the Honorable Mention squad. Walker was second to Hayes on the squad in scoring with her 11.2 points and 6.7 rebounds per game.

After the season, Kenneth Cooper took over as head women’s basketball coach. Cooper came to Parkville from Division I Mercer University in Macon, Ga., where he was part of a coaching staff which turned a similar 5– 25 record into a winning 17-14 record in just two years.

The men’s soccer team season was cut short during the AMC Championship game. The Pirates (10-6-1) had their streak of seven straight NAIA National Tournament appearance snapped when Columbia University defeated them 2-1. Sophomore Ramone Palmer made his second consecutive appearance on the NAIA All-American squad. The Kingston, Jamaica, native finished the year with 12 goals and six assists, tallying 30 points on the year, leading in all three categories for Park.

The women’s soccer team also fell during the AMC Conference tournament, but failed to make it to the championship for the first time under head coach Ken Hefner. The Lady Pirates (10-7-1) were outdueled by Missouri Baptist University, 2-1. Senior Natalie Parker was named an honorable mention NAIA All-American. The Durham, England, native played in all 18 games for the Pirates in 2009, earning 14 starts while scoring 12 goals with four assists, totaling 28 points on the year.

The Park baseball team put together

another solid season posting a 28-17 record. They failed to make it through their conference tournament falling to William Woods 5-2 in the semifinals. Senior second baseman Darian Sanford was drafted by the Kansas City Royals in the 47th round of the amateur draft. The St. Louis, Mo., native hit .366 and set the career and season stolen base mark. Sanford went 56-66 in steal attempts in 2010, and amassed 99 swipes for his career. Senior pitcher Micheal Barbosa signed a professional contract with the Harlingen (Texas) White Wings of the United Baseball League. The Sugar Creek, Mo., native posted a 6-2 record, with a 3.64 ERA and 41 strikeouts for the Pirates.

Park softball went 24-16, but fell in the first round of the AMC Conference Tournament. Sophomore centerfielder Mandi Dennis took home the AMC Newcomer of the Year award. The Liberty, Mo., native hit .390 and led the team in six offensive categories. Dennis was joined on the AMC All Conference team by shortstop Jennifer Cordell, pitcher Justine Riner, and pitcher Megan Walker.

The Park women's golf team finished seventh at the conference golf championships. Plern Promboobpa was one of two Pirates to earn all-conference honors in the AMC, shooting a second-straight 81 to finish tied for eighth with a two-day 162. Senior Nicole Wiehe also earned all-conference honors for the Pirates, improving on her first-day score by six shots, shooting 83 on day two to finish the tournament at a two-day total of 192, which tied for 24th.

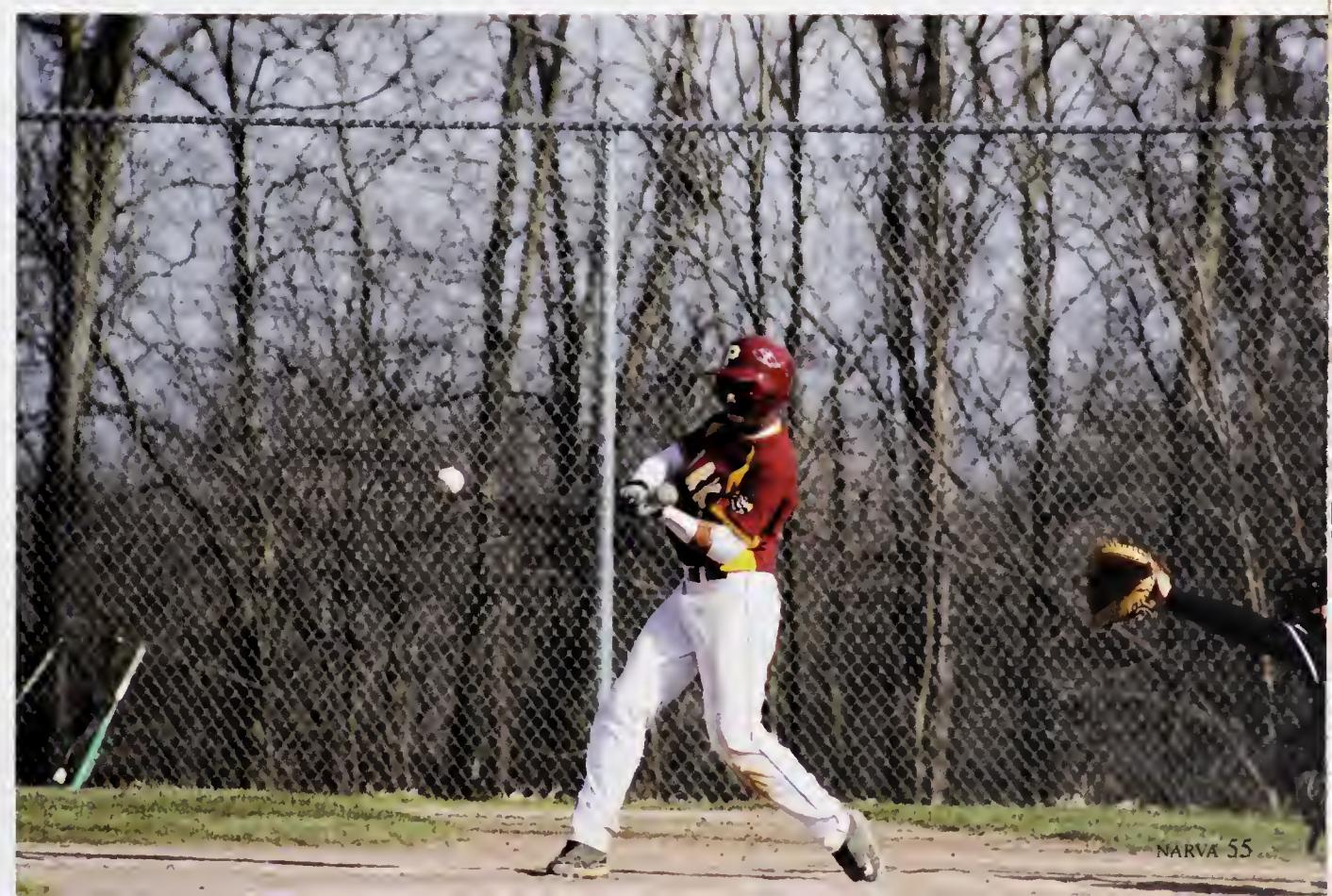
The men's volleyball squad had another stellar season going 22-10. They qualified for the NAIA National Championship Tournament but did not compete due to "self-reported eligibility issue." Junior outside hitter, Fray Luis Fajardo Arteaga, was one of only 10 student athletes across the nation to be named to the NAIA All American team. Arteaga led the Pirates in kills with 428, 3.96 per game.

The women's volleyball season came to an end during the AMC Conference Tournament. William Woods University defeated Park in three sets dropping them to 7-24 on the year. Sophomore right sided hitter, Gabriel Garcia, earned an honorable mention All-AMC award for her play. The Brazil native averaged 5.05 assists and 1.62 kills per game.

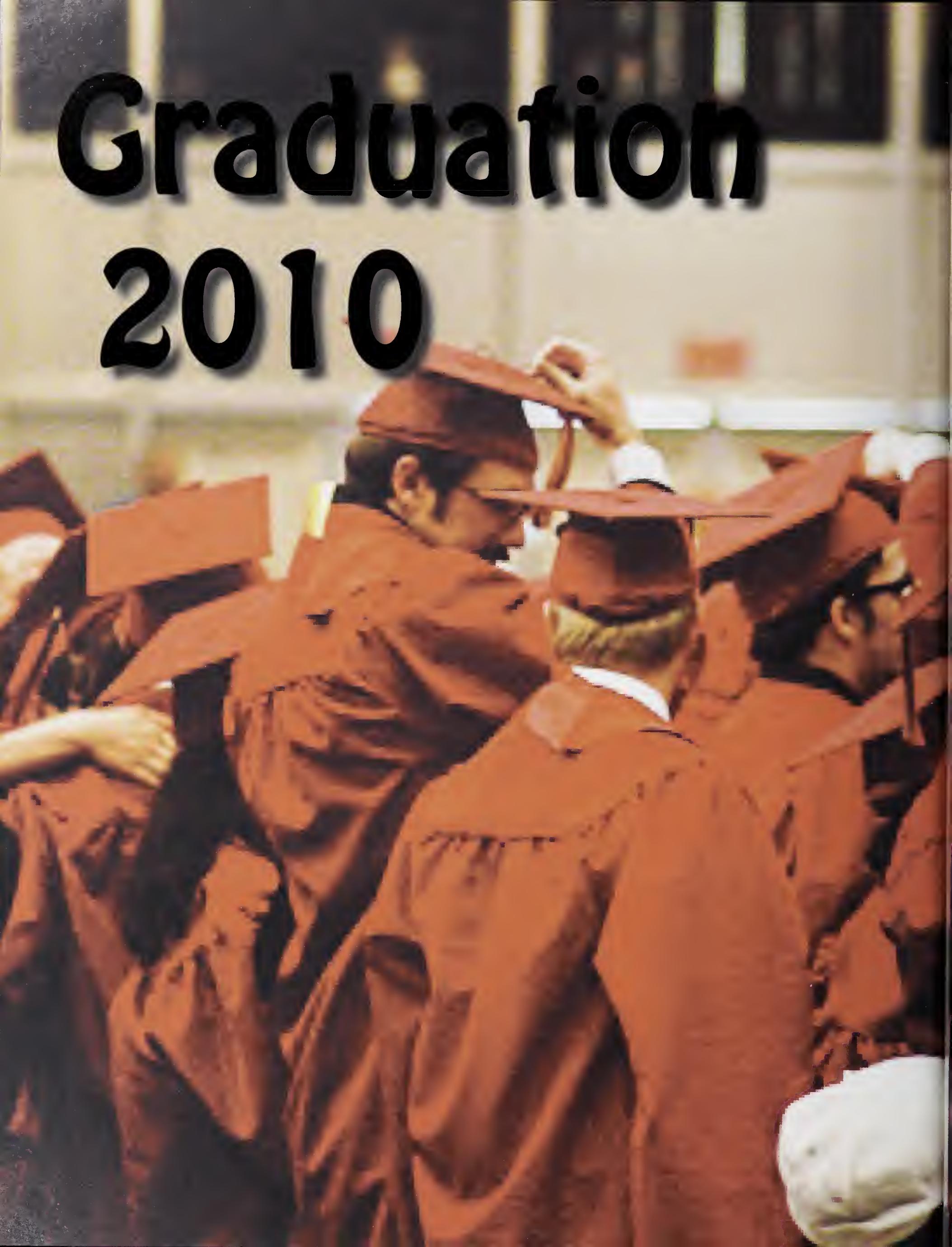
The women's cross country team took 23rd at the NAIA National Championship. Senior Romona Nicolls finished 71st with a

time of 19:34. Junior Alex Harkins finished with a time of 19:47, good enough for 89th. The Pirates only had one men's competitor. Freshman Joel Chirchir came in 41st with a time of 26:00.

The Park track and field squad sent seven members to compete in the NAIA National Meet. Sadiki James, Daniel Tube, Rachel Fessenden, Romona Nicolls, Alex Harkins, Kimberly Brown and Maria Tutu qualified to compete. The meet was highlighted by NAIA All-American Romona Nicolls performance in the 800 meter run. Nicolls placed fifth at nationals and set the Park school record time in the 800 meter run, 2:11.24.



Graduation 2010





Richard Ashley accepts his diploma from President Droege.
Photo/Jordan Wandfluh

Park Students become Alumni on May 8

Designed by Jordan Wandfluh

Riddle: How can something which seems to final be just the beginning?

Clue: They call it "commencement" for a reason.

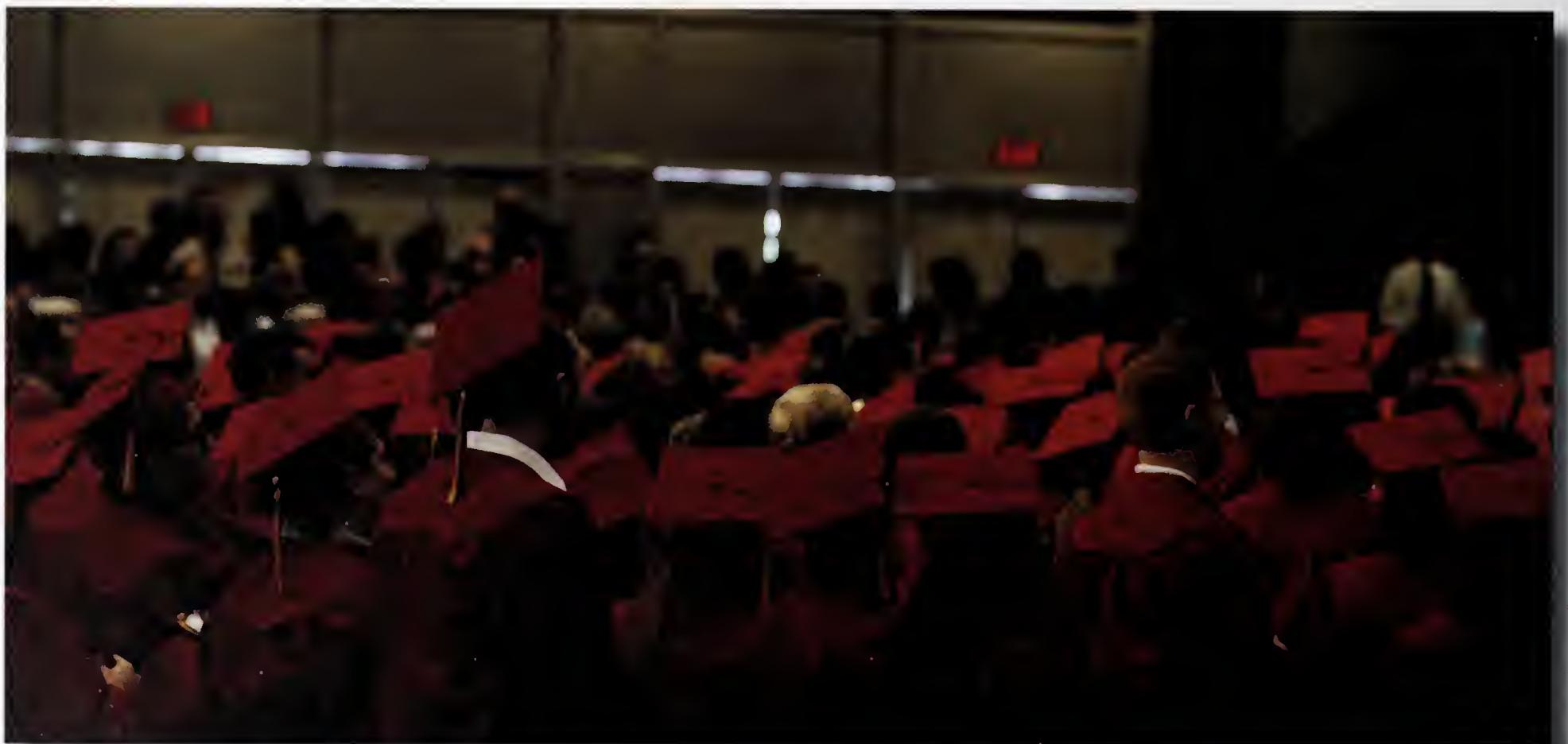
An estimated 500 Park University students sprinted, walked or strolled across the stage May 8 at the Community of Christ Auditorium in Independence, Mo., to receive graduate or undergraduate degrees. In all, 461 undergraduate degrees were conferred and 134 graduate degrees granted.

Jason C. Yuan, representative of China (Taiwan) to the United States, delivered the commencement address.

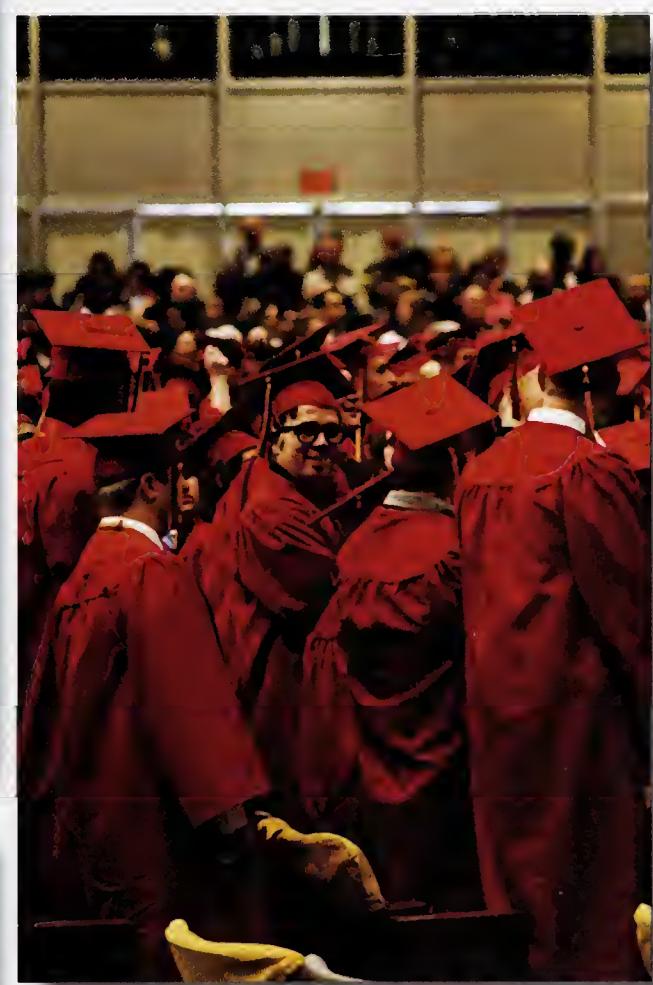
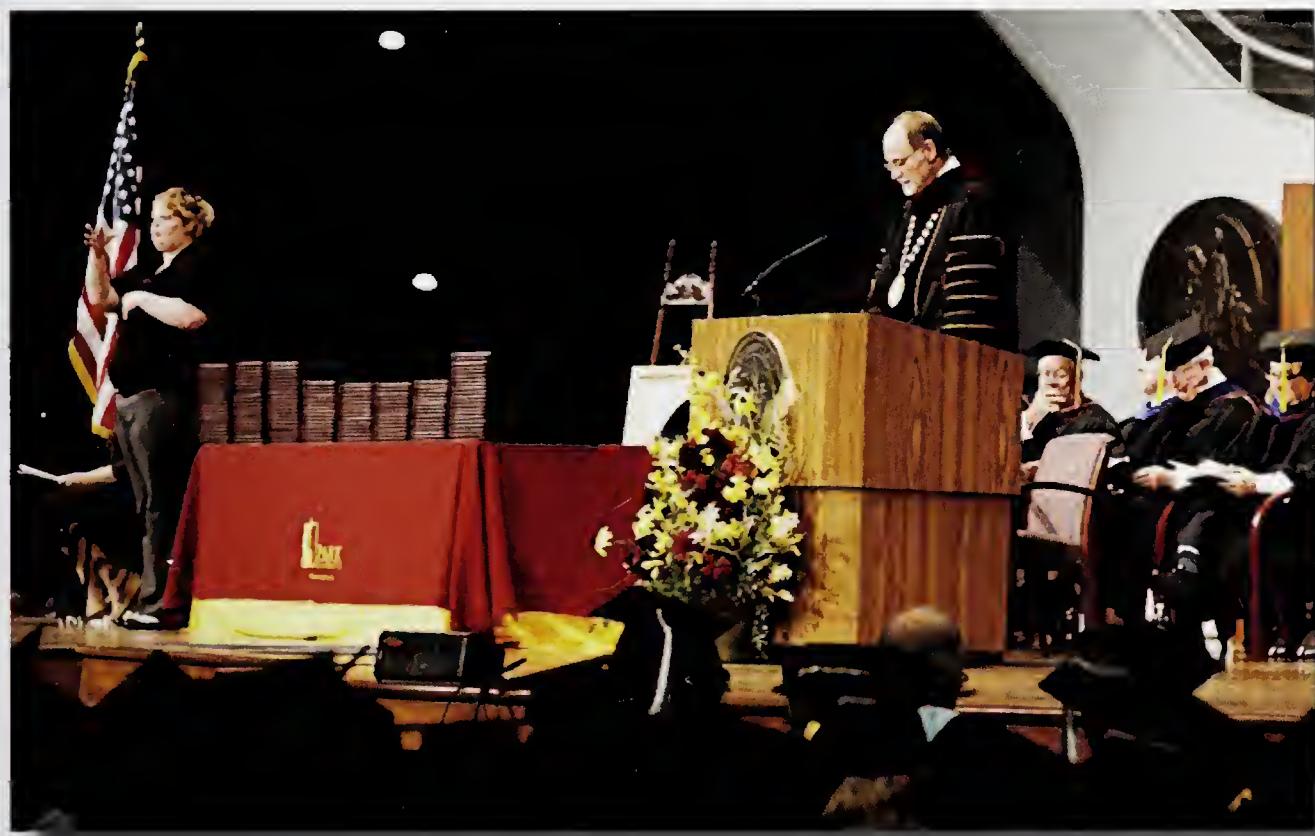
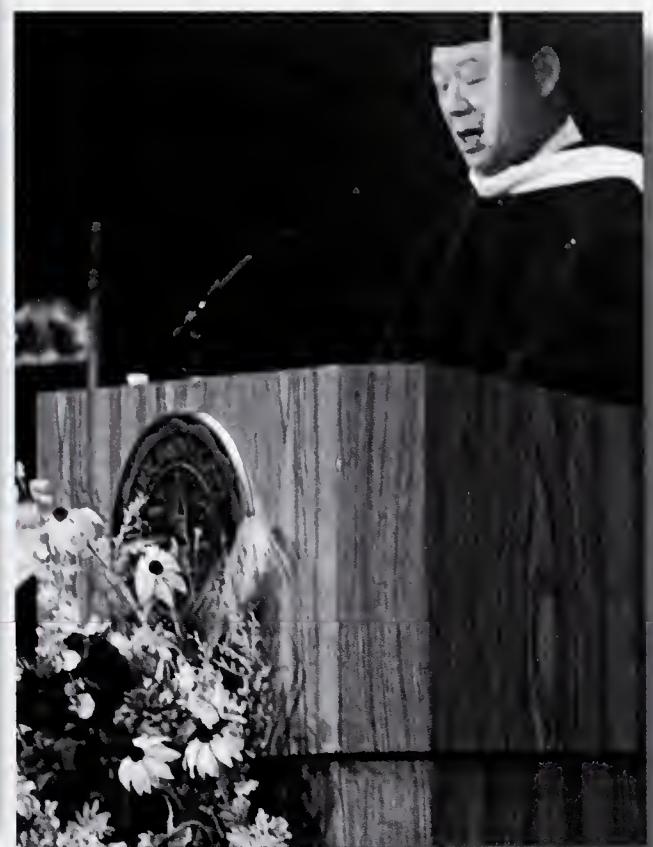
The day began with students finding their way down to the basement of the auditorium along its long and winding ramps. There, as family and friends gathered in the auditorium, they secured their cords and donned their red caps and gowns, wrote their names on cards to be read later just before they crossed the stage, stood along the wall for last minute snapshots, then chatted with friends on folding chairs in Park's version of the "green room."

The march began quietly as they formed lines to climb the ramps again toward the bright light at the glass doors of the front entrance, then made the long walk down the aisles to their seats in front. They waited under unsteady caps as the names were read, each student waiting for his or her turn. Then they marched out together to greet the world under blue skies and sharp sun.

All day it seemed like the happy end of a great adventure. Now, it looked like the beginning of something new – all in the space of a morning in May.



Park graduates await their turn to receive their diplomas.
Photo/Jordan Wandfluh



Bagpipes opened up the 2010 commencement. Dr. Droege welcomes the audience (left). Laura Cornett leaves the stage with her diploma (bottom). Ambassador Jason C. Yuan gives the commencement remarks (top). Graduate, Richard Ashley, peers over his shoulder.

Photo/Jordan Wandfluh

H
O
N
O
R
S





C
O
N
V
O
C
A
T
I
O
N



Virginia Brackett, Ph.D. receives the Distinguished Humanities Faculty award (above). Dr. Droege and Dr. Zaharopoulos begin (right).

Photo/Jordan Wandfluh

Hollywood has its Oscars, television has its Emmy's, MTV has its Movie Awards, and Park University has its rite of spring – Honors Convocation.

The annual gathering of faculty members, administrators, staff members and, of course, students, occurred April 21 in the Sports Center dome on the Parkville campus. Like the Oscars, Emmy's and Movie Awards, lots of hardware was handed out but the Park event hummed along without long winded acceptance speeches ... well, without acceptance speeches at all.

Broad smiles sufficed from Brittany Thornburg and Amiran Gelashvili, however, when the Outstanding Parkite Awards for 2009-2010 were announced. Bethany Guy and Steven Chrostowski won the Louisa Davidson Hinde/Carolyn Hinde Zarkaryan Memorial Award.

The J.L. Zwingle Award naming an outstanding faculty member went to

Donald Williams. Michael Martin was awarded the Excellence in Academic Advising Award. Virginia Brackett was named Distinguished Humanities Faculty Member and the Distinguished Faculty Scholar Award went to Joan Aitken.

From Ashna Abdulla to Carl Zicarelli, 257 students were recognized for achieving Dean's Honors, each with a cumulative GPA of 3.6 or above. Lucas Brito was named Student Employee of the Year. The C.W. Bailey Award was granted Edna Martinson. The John. R. Sanders Memorial Scholarship went to Daniel Karr, and the Lora Margaret and Thomas Amherst Perry Scholarship was awarded to Ryan Todd.

The Doris Howell Leadership Awards included Ken Christopher, Park Family Award; Rudd Van Houtum, student senator of the year; Dan Donaldson and Quincy Crutchfield, newcomers of the year; Faith Stemmler, emerging leader of the year; Karie Schaefer, club

advisor of the year; and Retired Brig. Gen. Robert Martin, Tipton award.

The Dusing-Proudfoot Award from the student senate went to Steven Youngblood and the Toni Griggs Award was given to Ben Zibers.

The Dorothy Watson Literacy Awards went to Elashun Hollowell, Ashley Brouillette and Megan Robertson. Outstanding Student Teachers included Madison Rommel, Denise Anderson, Steve Cochran, and Lindsey Pasley. The Student Teaching Fellowship was awarded Steven Chrostowski.

School of Business awards included Amiran Gelashvili, business faculty award, Breck Zeyer, Wall Street Journal Student Achievement Award, and Christina McBroom, Financial Executives Institute Award.

The Mary Barlow Writing Award was granted Lauren Moor. Cody Croan won the Nicholas Manchion Endowed English Scholarship Award.



Ben Zibers receives the Toni Griggs award (above). Patrizia Pfefferkor passes on the presidency of Student Senate (left).
Photo/ Jordan Wandfluh

The Burton W. Scheib Pre-Medical Prize went to Loren Laughlin; the CRC Press freshman chemistry award went to Frances Venable; the Dr. William C. Pivonka Award was granted Jesse Green; The American Institute of Chemists award went to Melisa Satterfield; and the Harold G. McDaniel Award was granted Michael Kephart and Rooberraa Shupharee.

The J. Malcolm Good award in mathematics went to Danielle Faye Gerdes and Richard Kasyjanski, Jr. The Professor L.A. Robbins Memorial Award was granted Emily Calder; the Outstanding Association for Computing Machinery Service Award went to Leonardo Sa and Steven Tuckness; the outstanding Graduating Senior in Geography Award was given to Stacy Lynn Johnson and the Outstanding Geography Major Award went to Lyman Rickman, Justin Windett and Darren Epperson.

Department honors announced at Honors Convocation 2010 included:

English – Micah Conkling, Jennifer Spiegel, Jillian Suppenbach
Modern Language – Laure Christensen, Kate Davies
Music – Maria Protodyakonova
Athletic Training – Emily Calder, Braden Lawson, Mallory Ferguson, Brittany Thornburg
Biology – Aiden Galarza, Travis Kegley, Loren Laughlin, Lindsey Linthicum, Andrea Sampson, Brittany Thornburg
Chemistry – Kathryn Stubbs, Brooke Barr, Jesse Green, Melisa Satterfield
Computer Science – Shawn Bales, Komi Labitoko, Leonardo Sa, Nodirbek Hojimatov, Austin Honeycutt-Otte
Mathematics – Xiaoyue Shu, Jesse Green, Allison Vaughn
Criminal Justice – Nicolle Capps, Kyle Clark, Laura Lange
History – James Hodges
Legal Studies – Heather Vanderpool

Political Science – Lyman Rickman, Zachary Ball
Psychology – Samantha Gross, John Smyers, Eileen Di Stasio-Clark, Grace Van Rickley
Social Work – Kristen Flax, Jamie Pinney, Sabra Sandy
Sociology – Don Adams
Education – Ashna Abdulla, Steven Chrostowski
Accounting – Joshua Markely, Kristina Spurgeon
Economics – Wondwossen Meshesha
Finance – Chad Montez, Rachel Ann Stevens
Human Resources – Donna Wadley
International Business – Nargiz Bagirova
Management – Nicole Ainsworth
Marketing – Amy Carter

Goodbye From Narva

The *Narva* is the annual magazine of Park University

Editor: Jordan Wandfluh

Associate Editor: Richard Ashley

Designers: Quinn Bixler, Julie Dolezilek

Sports Editor: Adam Shupe

Advisor: John Lofflin

Contributors:

Entesar Abdelhadi

Austin Bell

Rachael Bowlin

Cheryl Burnett

Abby Crosthwait

Andi Enns

Lindsey Frazier

Kendra Harty

Lauren Hickey

Sherry Hill

Dan Jeanes

Alishia Maxwell

Stefana Mihajlovic

Tiffany Miller

Sara Moore

Michelle Oelrichs

Mindy Reynolds

Angelina Russo

Jessica Sharp

Zach Sellers

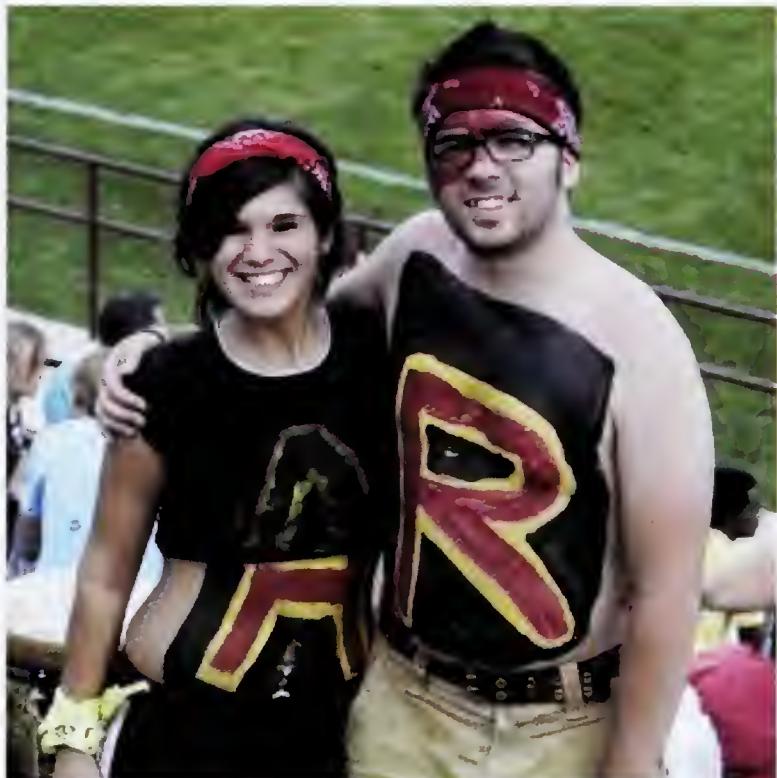
Hannah Sommer

Zach Swalley

Di Wang

Special thanks to Ann Schultis, librarian extraordinaire

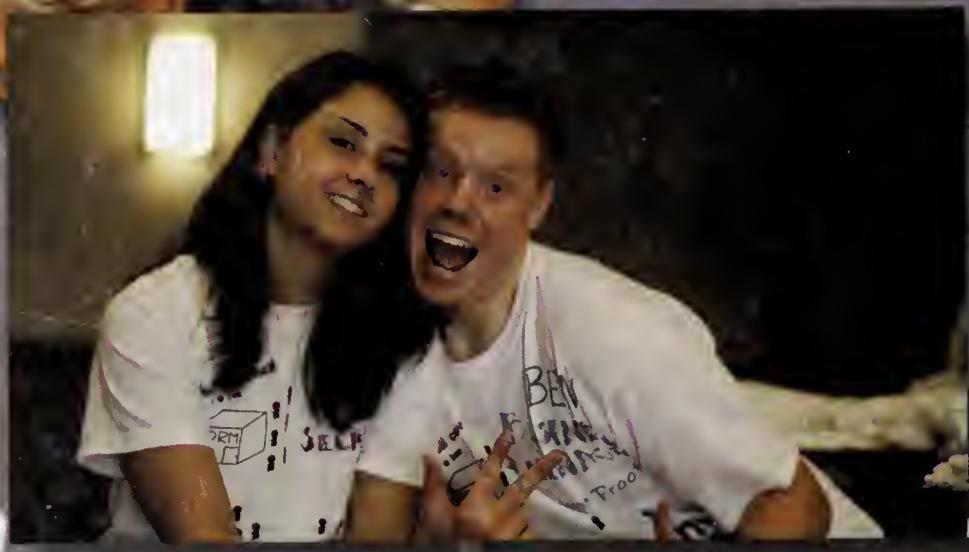
Printed by Spangler Printers





*“May the Dreams of your
past be the reality of your
future.”*

-unknown



P.A.R.K.V.I.L.L.